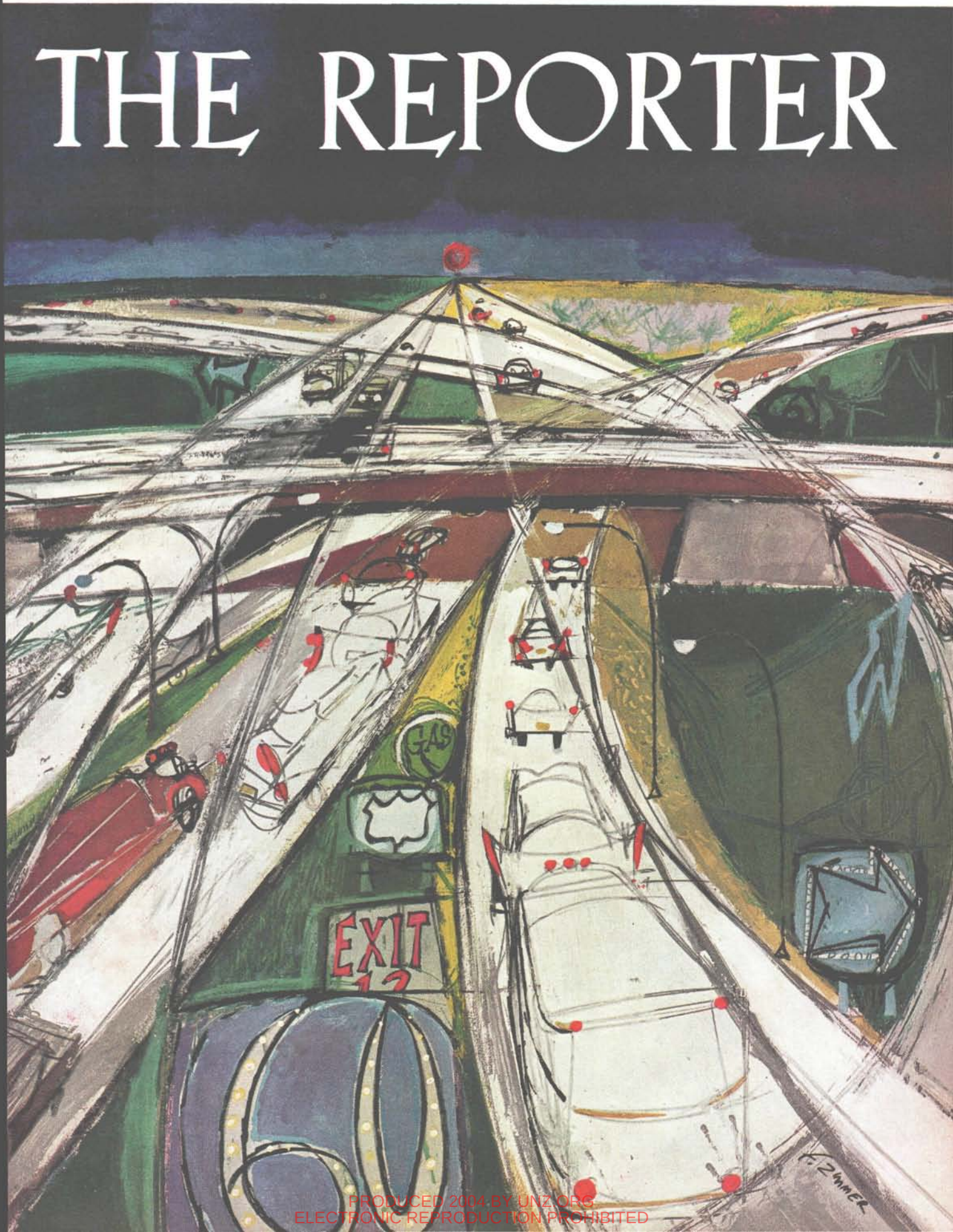
NEW ROADS AND URBAN CHAOS

April 14, 1960 25¢

Should NATO Be an Atomic Power?

THE REPORTER



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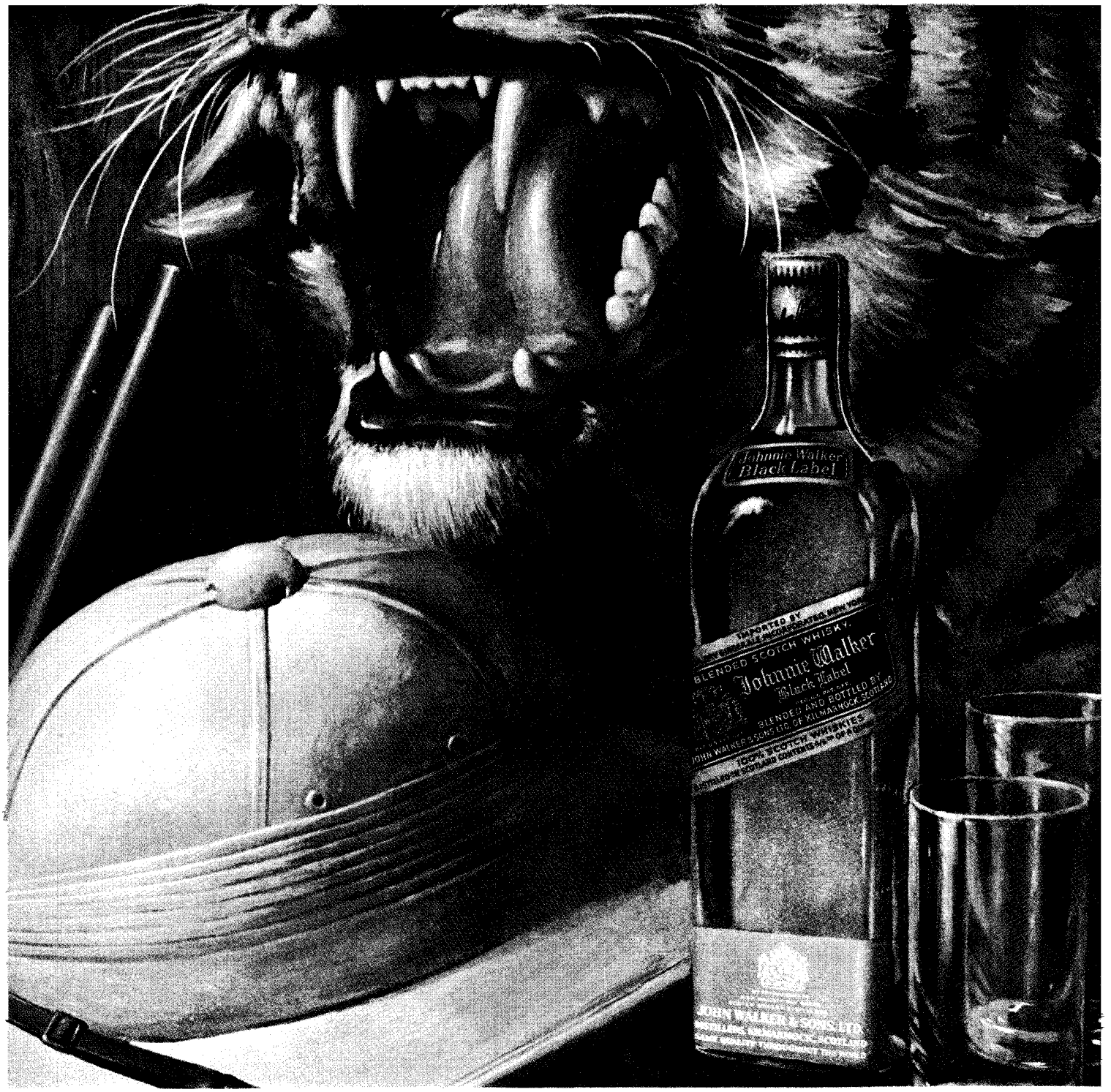

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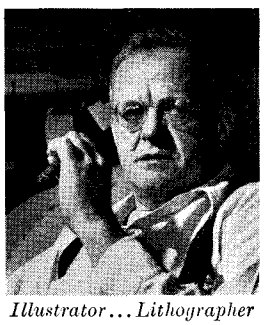

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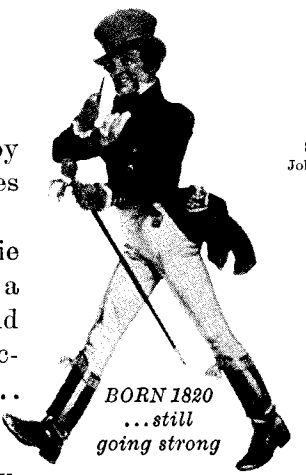

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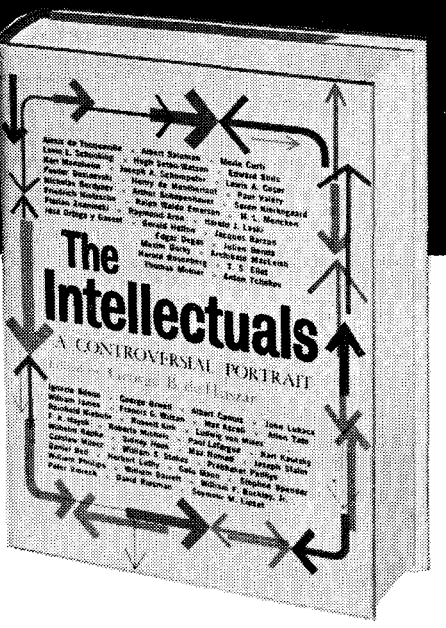

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Far More Than Chessman

The date, as of now, is May 2. Shortly after ten in the morning, he is scheduled to walk into the gas chamber. We have all become very familiar with death row at San Quentin Prison, and we have been spared no detail of what life is like there. The man who has made it possible for thousands upon thousands of people all over the world to acquire a vicarious experience with death row is, of course, Caryl Chessman. If, at long last, on May 2 he is executed, it will be in the presence of the whole world.

The conflicting roar of those who want Chessman killed and of those who want his life spared has been ever mounting for over twelve years. In fact, unworthy as this man may be, the issue of his life or death has become of a nature that leaves no room for indifference or neutrality. Either you are for the execution of Caryl Chessman or you are against it.

But much more is at stake than his death or survival. Either you are for capital punishment or you are against it. The lurid case of this loquacious self-confessed bandit has gone so far above and beyond him as to involve not just his physical survival but the ultimate punishment society can inflict on those who have violated its laws.

We choose to take our stand on the case of Caryl Chessman at this level. We have heard enough about the man Chessman. We are much more concerned with the nature of the criminal process and with what a society like ours can do to purge itself of a crime that contradicts its laws.

This implies an extraordinarily difficult, nearly impossible operation: the harm that has been done must be undone. The criminal act hurts not only its victims but, to a far greater degree, society as a whole, for it has an inherent capacity to establish a precedent that can be repeated by other people over and over again. There is a normative, repeatable quality in every crime that society cannot afford.

TO DEFEND itself, society has learned since very ancient times to stage a stylized re-enactment of the crime. The alleged criminal, all those who have a knowledge of his action, and those who can bear witness to the harm inflicted upon them, together with experts and representatives of the people at large, are assembled in a hall. What happened as the result of chance, or emotion, or deliberate ill-will is reproduced, staged with careful logic and minute respect for detail. Finally the specially appointed representatives of the people have their say. The law, caught napping when the crime occurred, bears down with all its massiveness on the reproduction in effigy of the crime. That way, the normative potentialities of the crime are crushed, and an act of catharsis occurs.

In 1710, that great Neapolitan philosopher Giambattista Vico, who, unfortunately, is still little known in this country, called the exercise of justice *reproductio violentiae*. The re-enactment of violence breaks the bonds between the legally ascertained criminal and the crime. The crime is presumed to be erased, and on the very ground on which it has occurred. The criminal is just one of the leftovers of the crime. Society punishes him and determines the condition and the length of his punishment. But after the act of purgation has been performed, is society morally right when it goes so far as to extinguish his life?

We believe not. The reduction in the application of capital punishment ever since Cesare Beccaria wrote his *Dei delitti e delle pene* in 1764 bears out our belief. But most of all, our belief rests on the conviction that once society has done its best to erase the crime, a human being, no matter how perverted, should never be denied, as long as his natural life lasts, the chance to redeem himself.

For all our science, we know so little of what makes or unmakes a human life. We only know that in every man there is a self, an inner being, that somehow, some time, may assert itself. We also know that legal systems and justice are not the same, and that even the best legal system is always an approximation of justice.

WE FEEL a profound pity for the men most directly involved with the Chessman case. We feel pity for "Pat" Brown, this good governor who, despite his hatred of capital punishment, tried his very best to avoid acting on Chessman's be-

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Battened on a barbecue,
Happiness is fun and food
Kodachromed for later view.

Pass the mustard, pass the can,
Grampa's set the nation's goal:
Spread the dignity of man
Lightly on a toasted roll.

—SEC

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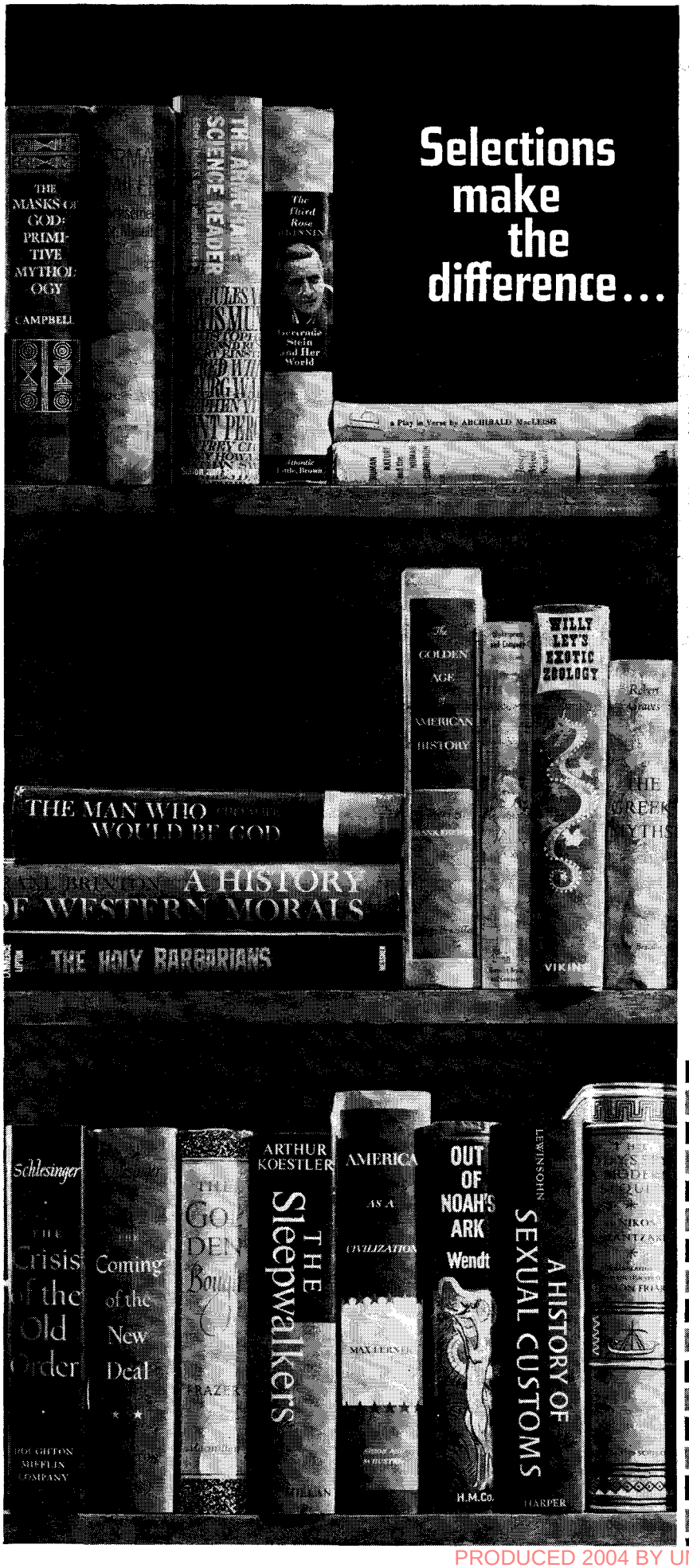

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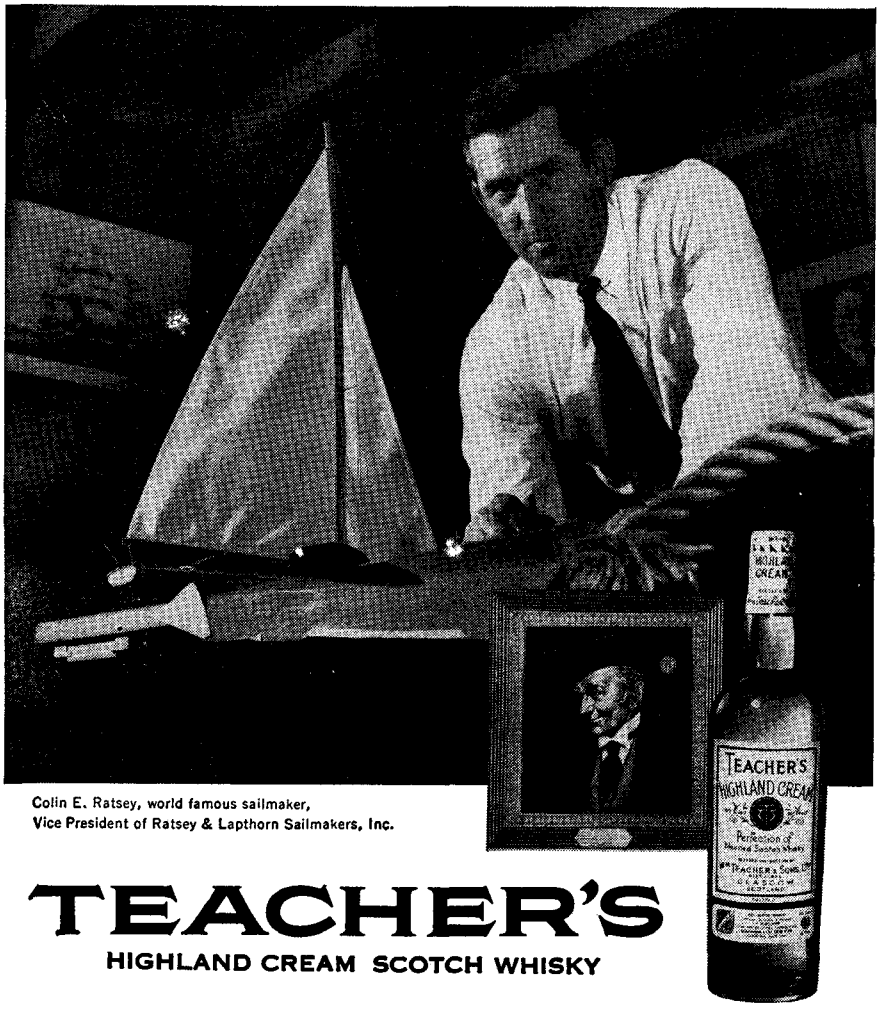

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PANTHEON

half but in the end had to yield. We feel pity for this probably depraved, rambunctious man, Caryl Chessman. For too long he has lived in the limelight of death row. If he deserves life imprisonment, let us hope he will spend it in the obscurity of a penitentiary.

And let's abolish capital punishment. —M.A.

What's a Feller Gonna Do?

It was an unhappy double whammy that Vice-President Nixon received recently when on successive days the *Wall Street Journal* reported a Wisconsin survey and Dr. Gallup came forth with the latest of his Presidential preference polls. According to the *Journal* report, "talks with hundreds of Wisconsin voters turned up an astonishingly large number of 1952 and 1956 Eisenhower fans who say that, as of now, they don't plan to vote for the Vice President this November." According to Dr. Gallup, Nixon pitted against Kennedy has slipped from a lead of 53-47 late last fall to 47-53 as of now. Since it was the polls that supposedly drove Governor Rockefeller out of the Republican competition, this evidence of a dramatic decline in popularity should make Mr. Nixon rather nervous.

A few weeks ago the Vice-President, with a prescience that would indicate he had been taking his own polls, declared to a Republican gathering, "Anyone who does not recognize that we are in for the fight of our lives must be smoking opium." And the President, with a candor that convinces many that he secretly hates his protégé, seemed to invite the first attack on him when he told his press conference, "Now, I should think he [Nixon] would be absolutely stupid if he said that you were going as far as the record of this administration would carry you and then stop."

But what, for example, is poor Mr. Nixon supposed to do when the President bats down Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Flemming, who, reportedly at Nixon's instigation, tried to come up with an alternative to the Democrats' bill for medical aid to the aged? (What Mr. Nixon, in fact, did was to go to Florida and miss the showdown between

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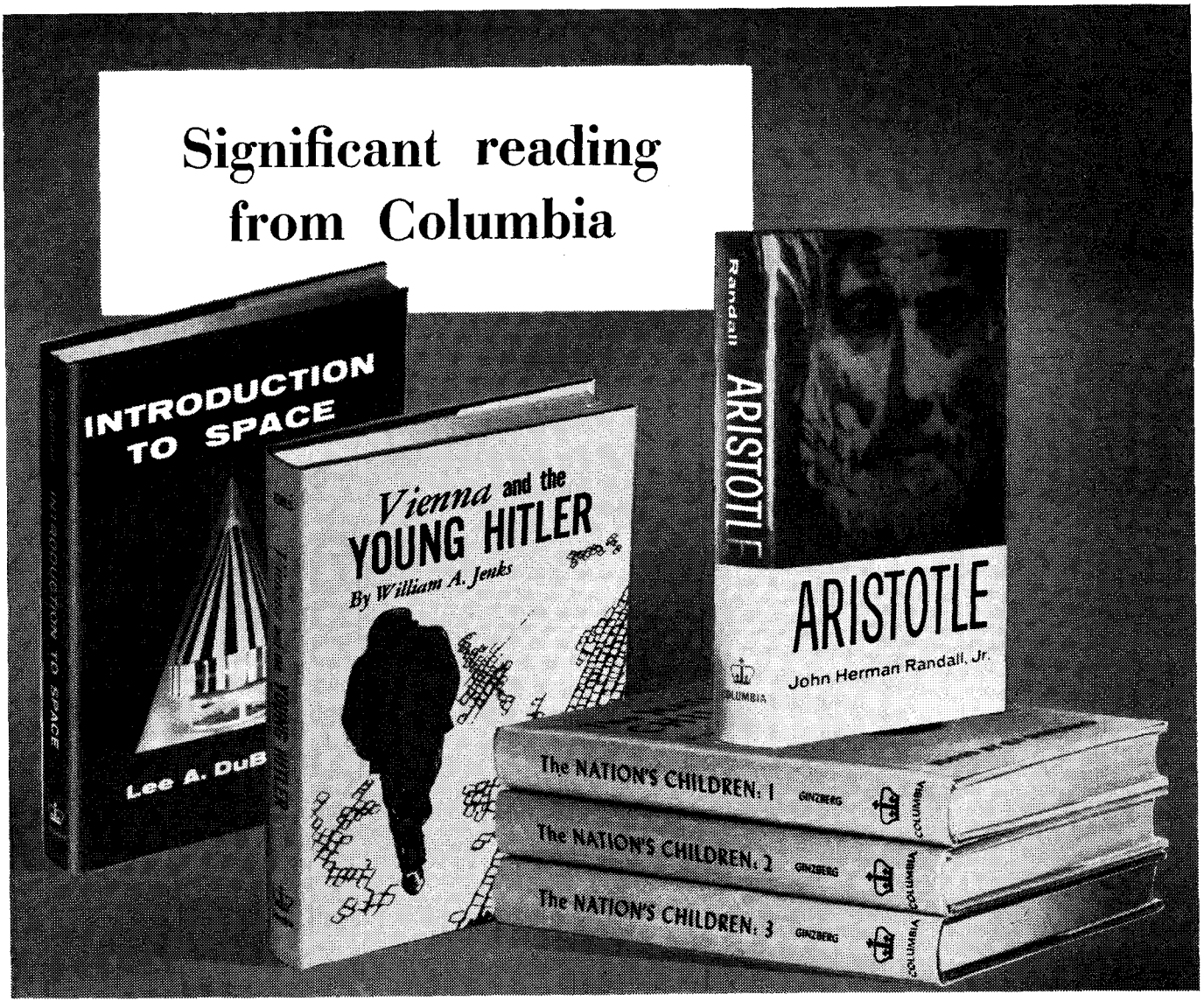

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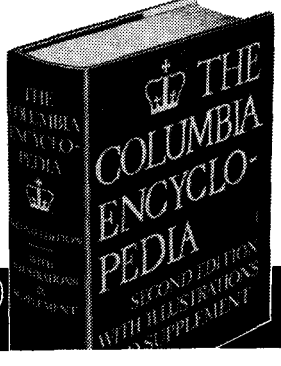

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Eisenhower and Flemming.) What is he supposed to do when the Republicans of North Dakota are pleading with him to come out and speak for their candidate in the tough special Senatorial election in June to fill Langer's seat? Speaking in North Dakota, he would have to take a public stand for or against Secretary of Agriculture Benson. So far, Mr. Nixon has declined to make the trip. (Governor Rockefeller went instead and, according to Republican Senator Milton Young of North Dakota, has "quite a following" among North Dakota Republicans.)

What is Nixon to do or where is he to go now that the President has called him "stupid" if he stays still and does nothing? Before, a carefully arranged system of news leaks used to provide the Vice-President with a sort of space platform from which he could conduct his activities in isolation from the harsh political realities.

Not long ago, a Republican visitor to Nixon's office who was expressing concern about the nation's defense situation was reassured by an aide that the Vice-President had a defense program of his own ready for unveiling right after the convention. If the percentage points of the polls continue to slip, the pressure will mount to advance the unveiling time.

Or else he can travel. But even here the President, while opening the door with one hand, has firmly slammed it shut with the other. At his news conference Eisenhower was asked about a published report that the Vice-President was planning a trip to Communist China. Feigning horror, the President replied, "Well, that must be the most speculative think-piece I ever heard of in a long time." [Laughter.]

Not even Mao can be counted on to help Nixon. Would it be impertinent to ask the President who is the Democrat he would like to have as his successor?

ETAOIN SHRDLU

"Because of a transmission error The New York Times incorrectly reported . . . a word attributed to Democratic critics of Vice President Nixon. . . . It said Mr. Nixon had been described as a 'slocker, a petty thief.' . . . It should have been 'slicker.'" —*New York* Times.

A slicker, a slocker,
A teletype shocker,
How could such a thing have
transpired?

To fix on R. Nixon
A label that sticks on,
More fancy than fluke is
required.

—SEC

What Cheek!

As Max Frankel points out in the article he has sent us from Moscow, there is a remarkable degree of agreement among influential people in both the Soviet Union and the United States that Nikita Khrushchev, all things considered, is not only a distinct improvement on Stalin but is also preferable to anyone who might succeed him. Maybe so. But that scarcely constitutes a character reference.

Wherever the man goes, he adamantly insists on showing his true measure. He never for an instant forgets that he is traveling as chief agitprop man or shows the slightest inclination to understand—much less learn from—what he sees. And yet when he stood before the soaring Gothic cathedral at Rouen, even Khrushchev could not help being reminded of Christ.

And what did Khrushchev have to say about Christ? "There is much in Christianity that is common to us Communists. Only I do not agree when He [Christ] says when you are hit on the right cheek turn the left cheek. I believe in another principle —If I am hit on the left cheek I hit right back on the right cheek so hard his head may fall off."

That is your Khrushchev, all right —the man who has set himself to "liberalize" Soviet Communism. His doctrine of force goes well beyond the Old Testament rule of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It happens also to be an utterly foolish doctrine, for this man goes around incessantly at home and abroad slapping at everybody. Does it ever occur to him that some day someone in the not-over-civilized Communist world may knock his head off?

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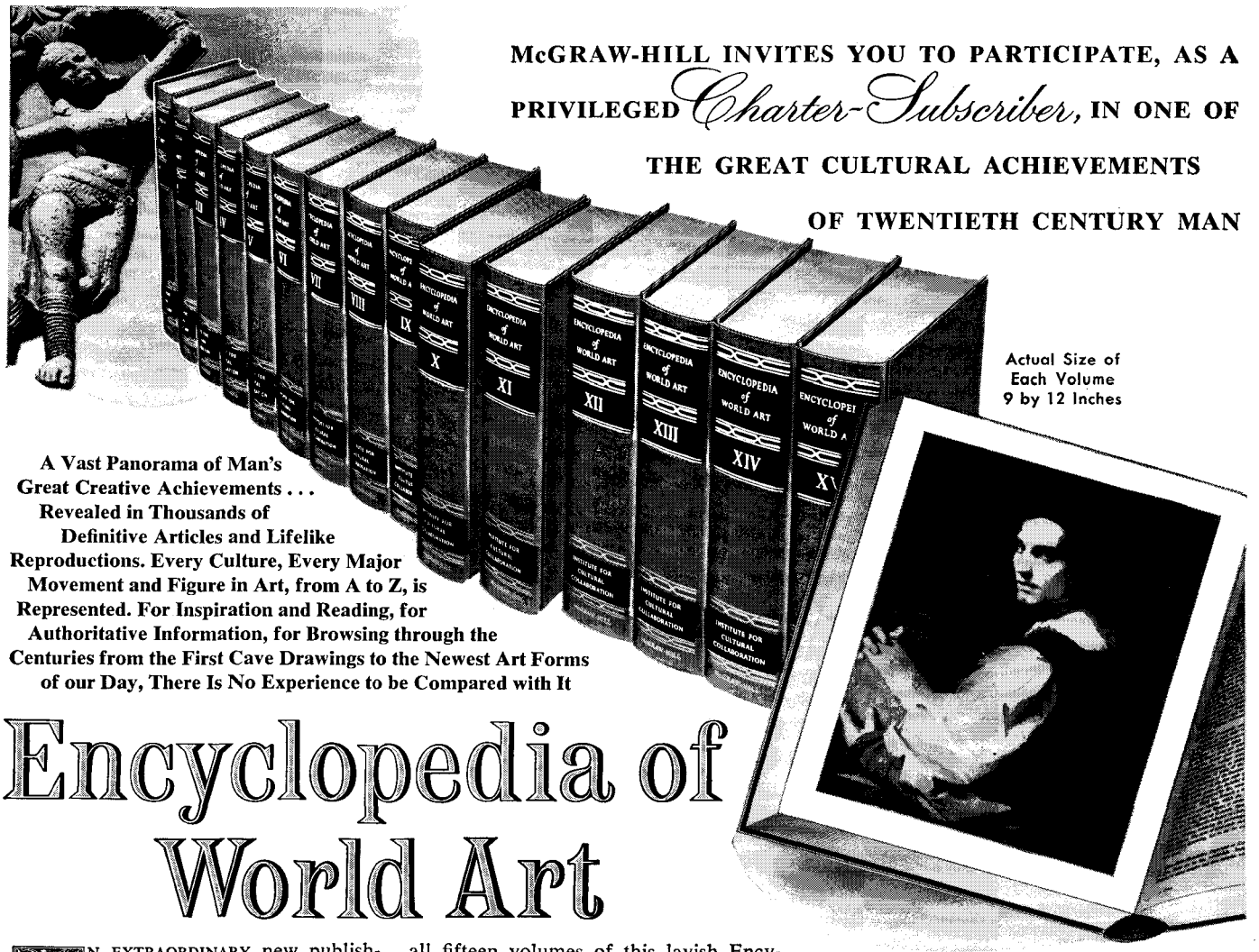

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Survival of the Person in Mass Society

Edited by Maurice Stein, Arthur J. Vidich, and David Manning White

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CORRESPONDENCE

ATOMIC GARBAGE

To the Editor: Congratulations on your article on radioactive waste disposal, "The Atom's Poisonous Garbage," by Walter Schneir (*The Reporter*, March 17). The importance of this kind of journalism is pointed up by the prevailing lack of knowledge of this problem among laymen and even scientists. Nuclear power and its applications have constituted so abstruse a scientific field that few beyond those working in it have known little or anything of its gigantic problems or their implications for public well-being.

By virtue of this fact, the Atomic Energy Commission has been not only the dispenser of atomic power and its own regulator, but also often the sole possessor of information related to radioactive waste disposal. Hence this powerful government agency is in the position of exercising complete control over the most powerful physical force known to mankind, with consequences to affect the lives and destinies of a nation.

That the AEC has often proceeded in this field of great hazard without known certainties to guide it—and with some grim results for large numbers of the population—makes all the more urgent the necessity for increasing public information on AEC procedures. It is understandable that AEC employees, as fallible human beings, are subject to the same mistakes as other human beings. But when AEC spokesmen arbitrarily cover up or suppress information concerning human welfare—or depart from the scientific concept that facts *per se* are valid even when they do not further the ambitions of the commission—the public has a double need for all possible information to protect itself.

GRACE DESCHAMPS
Truro, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I was very much interested in Mr. Schneir's article. I would say that he had gained a considerable degree of insight into the problem of disposal of radioactive wastes.

L. P. HATCH
Department of Nuclear Engineering
Brookhaven National Laboratory
Upton, Long Island

To the Editor: I think that it is important to generations yet unborn that the poisonous garbage of atomic activity not be deposited in a place that can harm our children and grandchildren even if it may be safe for those in our day. I believe that adequate attention to this matter will discover some way in which this sane and safe course can be pursued, and I congratulate you on your efforts in this.

CHARLES E. BENNETT
House of Representatives

THE 1928 CLICHÉ

To the Editor: It was particularly refreshing, in this election year, to read Richard Hofstadter's article ("Could a Protestant Have Beaten Hoover in 1928?," *The Reporter*, March 17). With his customary acute eye for engaging historical analysis, Professor Hofstadter has put together a provocative appraisal of Al Smith's losing campaign.

Once again this year, the ghost riders of the past who have come upon the political scene have started to raise the dusty cliché that no Catholic can be elected to the Presidency. Professor Hofstadter has skillfully dissected this popular legend.

I should think that this article would interest and perhaps disquiet the many self-styled political scientists who have unleashed this glib conclusion on the American public.

DAVID W. SLOAN
New York

'WINDS OF CHANGE'

To the Editor: In presenting a sympathetic account of the problems of the white settlers in Kenya, William H. Hessler ("Kenya's Course in 'The Winds of Change,'" *The Reporter*, March 17) overlooks some important facts.

He admits that only four thousand Europeans live in the White Highlands, but he also says "many Kikuyu have moved in since the British gave them an assurance of protection against the lordly and sinister Masai." Actually, the Carter Commission in 1933 set aside 16,173 square miles of arable land in the highlands for the *exclusive* use of white settlers. In contrast, there are 52,097 square miles in the native reserves for six million Africans.

One of the Africans' main grievances has been about land, but other grievances have been about the color bar, as vicious as almost anywhere in Africa, and economic discrimination. Even in the civil service until 1955, the African got only three-fifths of the pay of a white man for the same job. (It is reported that as a city sanitation inspector Tom Mboya received $30 a month for work that brought white inspectors $140.)

The emergency regulations to put down the Mau Mau uprising have also created much bitterness. The recent revelations about Africans being beaten to death in Hola camp are simply the culmination of a long series of injustices—arbitrary mass arrests, collective punishments, and suppression of schools, political parties, and newspapers.

Mr. Hessler gives a picture of reasonable, moderate settlers who have remade Kenya and are entirely responsible for its economic growth, and yet are willing to take their chances in an African society. Other reports suggest that the settlers are not quite so accommodating. In fact, Michael Blundell may very well have trouble holding his New Kenya Party together after the concessions he made in Lon-

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don. Mr. Hessler is indeed right when he says "it will take all the magnanimity the African . . . can bring to bear, and the humility the European can muster" to establish the future African society with the European a minority in power as well as in numbers.

MARION PORTER
Ottawa, Ontario

To the Editor: "Kenya's Course in 'The Winds of Change'" is factual, thoughtful, urbane, and convincing in approaching a problem usually productive of more heat than light. In various countries, West and East, since 1945, statesmen, clergymen, and demagogues have been developing more indignation than they could contain in execrating colonialism, imperialism, exploitation. Mr. Hessler shows that these need not be nasty words.

F. C. JENNINGS
London, Ontario

AFRICAN UNITY

To the Editor: May I make a point in regard to African unity? ("The Growth of an African Power Bloc," by Allan A. Michie, *The Reporter,* March 17). When the de Gaulle constitutional reforms for Africa were being discussed, Guinea opposed by all available means what it feared might lead to the Balkanization of French Equatorial and Occidental Africa. At the time it was still possible to hope that those African peoples who were already united within the framework of the French system could go forward to freedom in harmony and unity. Unhappily the French government, abetted by a few African so-called "chiefs of state," permitted the French community to be broken up into a number of states.

As soon as it became obvious that colonialism, historically responsible for the arbitrary fragmentation of Africa, could not be the instrument to bring about its unification, all possible doubt was removed: it became clear that independence must be the first step toward African unity, and the only method by which it could be achieved. It goes without saying that in speaking of independence we mean states that are as completely as possible independent of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. There can be no question of creating nominally independent African republics that would merely serve to represent on the international scene the aims of former colonial powers.

It is in this spirit that Guinea wholeheartedly welcomes the coming independence of several African states—not alone because they will add voting power to the African bloc in the United Nations but, above all, because their existence will make it possible for the peoples of Africa to solve Africa's problems without regard to the opinion of any colonial power. . . .

ACHKAR MAROF, Press Attaché
Permanent Mission of the Republic
of Guinea to the United Nations

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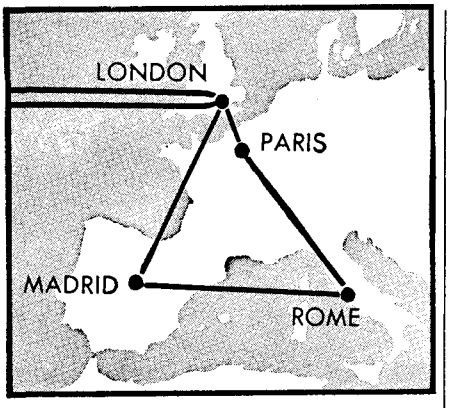

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THE SATISFACTION of one of the many public needs for which the American people have been clamoring for years, the present administration has been generous to a fault. Unfortunately, as **Max Ascoli's** editorial points out, the $45-billion interstate-highway program has been conceived as an end in itself without much idea of why or for whom the roads are being built. . . . **Daniel P. Moynihan,** whose article on automobile safety, "Epidemic on the Highways," appeared in our April 30, 1959, issue, was secretary to Governor Harriman at the time the interstate highway program was getting under way. Mr. Moynihan is director of the New York State Research Project at the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of Syracuse University.

WITHIN the past few weeks France has exploded two nuclear bombs, British defense policy has undergone a major shift, and West Germany has been looking for bases in Spain. **Alastair Buchan,** our regular British correspondent, shows how all these developments have contributed to a new awareness of the need for a coherent system of integration and control within the NATO alliance. . . . Last month **Governor LeRoy Collins** of Florida discussed the lunch-counter "sit-ins" in a radio-television address to the people of his state. We think the governor's speech deserves our readers' attention. . . . **Max Frankel,** New York *Times* Moscow correspondent, reports that Nikita Khrushchev's American trip is still the object of avid enthusiasm in Russia. The reason is that Khrushchev's voyage was not so much one of discovery as of being discovered. . . . **William S. Ellis,** managing editor of the Beirut, Lebanon, *Daily News,* shows that the Arab countries are having considerably more success with their economic boycott of Israel than they ever did in their trials of military strength. . . . The John F. Kennedy affair goes deeper than even **Jack Burby** had realized. When we asked the agencies for a photograph of the other John F. Kennedy, we received a whole sheaf of fine-looking John F. Kennedys (all politically minded) from as far away as Michigan. It seems that when the bustle of this election year is over we shall have to get down to the serious business of selecting the ten best politicians named John F. Kennedy. Mr. Burby is a staff member of the San Francisco *Chronicle* presently at Harvard as a Neiman Fellow.

"EVEN the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea." So wrote Algernon Charles Swinburne, and it is in no argumentative spirit that we publish a reminiscence of life along the Okovango, one of the giant rivers of Africa, which does no such thing. The Okovango rises in Angola, flows eastward across southern Africa, and evaporates in its own marshes in Bechuanaland. **Elizabeth Marshall Thomas** is the author of *The Harmless People* (Knopf). . . . New York's Museum of Modern Art is currently giving an exhibition of the paintings of Claude Monet. But the exhibition is more than a casual review of the work of a great artist. As **Hilton Kramer,** editor of *Arts* magazine, points out, it confirms a revision of critical revaluation. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . What is the future of people who have become too wise to "believe" in the future? There is a danger that we in the West, so skeptical of the ideologies that fire the rest of the world, may in that skepticism relapse into inertia. **Robert L. Heilbroner's** most recent book is *The Future as History* (Harper), excerpts from which were published in our January 7 and January 21 issues. . . . At the bottom of the sea off the coast of Tobermory in Scotland lies the treasure ship of the Spanish Armada, or so they say. **Sidney Alexander** reviews Garrett Mattingly's gusty account of the hopes that rode with the Spanish battle flags in the spring of 1588. Mr. Alexander, author of *Michelangelo the Florentine* (Random House), is now living in Florence and working on another part of his novel about the painter. . . . H. L. Hunt of Texas is one of the richest men in the world, and in the circumstances one might expect him to be pretty well satisfied with things the way they are. But no. While he has no apparent plans for the violent overthrow of our government, Mr. Hunt has gone to some trouble to work out a new Constitution. **Donald Barthelme,** a Texan of more modest means, seems unappreciative. Mr. Barthelme is the editor of *Forum: The University of Houston Quarterly*. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** who in our last issue wrote of a world of jazz without narcotics, writes this time of the world of narcotics without jazz.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

States and Estates

PREFACE—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 12

NEW ROADS AND URBAN CHAOS . . . . . *Daniel P. Moynihan* 13

At Home & Abroad

SHOULD NATO BECOME A NUCLEAR POWER? . . . . . *Alastair Buchan* 21

GOVERNOR COLLINS AND THE 'SIT-INS' 26

KHRUSHCHEV'S FAVORITE TRIP . . . . . *Max Frankel* 27

THE NOOSE AROUND ISRAEL . . . . . *William S. Ellis* 29

THE OTHER JOHN F. KENNEDY . . . . . *Jack Burby* 31

Views & Reviews

WATERS STRONG AND MANY . . . . . *Elizabeth Marshall Thomas* 33

A MASTER OF THE MOMENT . . . . . *Hilton Kramer* 38

RECORD NOTES . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 40

Books:

THE LULL WITHIN THE STORM . . . . . *Robert L. Heilbroner* 41

THE GHOSTLY GALLEONS . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 43

MR. HUNT'S WOOLLY UTOPIA . . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 44

THE ARTIST AS POLITICIAN . . . . . *Gouverneur Paulding* 46

THE ENDLESS CONNECTION . . . . . *Nat Hentoff* 47

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 37

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MAX ASCOLI

Preface

IRRESPECTIVE of who the next President of the United States will be, irrespective even of his party, it is safe to say that the nation will never again know anything like the Presidency of Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Long after his term of office is ended there will be people in our midst wholeheartedly dedicated to the principle that the best government is the one that governs least, or that there is an inherently evil quality in the power of the Federal government, or that the economy of the nation and that of the household are essentially the same.

Yet never again will we have a President so old-fashioned and so determined to shelter the American people from the tasks they face. Undoubtedly he saves his energies, but at the same time, he is doing his best to save our energies, for as long as we have a balanced budget, a defense posture he considers adequate, and a policy of good will toward all men, we don't have to overstrain ourselves. He is notoriously against dealing in personalities and he expresses himself, both in his words and in his actions, with genial, easy-going impersonality.

The cult of this impersonal personality is so strong that he could certainly be re-elected over and over again as long as there is life left in him. But the Republican politicians, with their determination to punish Roosevelt for his third term, have been charitable to Eisenhower. The long-postponed, long-unfaced tasks will catch up with his successor.

FOR A LONG TIME city planners and transportation experts have been denouncing the planless growth of our metropolitan areas, the breakdown of our railroads, and warning us of the danger of relying too heavily on automobiles as the major means of transportation. Now those who crawl bumper to bumper along our highways are becoming the constituency of the city planners.

We have all learned that highways and automobiles cannot be considered ends in themselves. It has been a rather expensive lesson, for, in the highway-building program, the Republican administration has not been stingy. This program has been even costlier than can be measured in terms of money when we consider that the inner well-being, the happiness of millions of people are involved, people who need to find roots and a stable environment in neighborhoods where they can exercise their citizenship and earn a living. There is not much happiness in having an overabundance of highways, on which an overabundant number of cars get stuck.

Thorough, well-rounded planning is imperative if a balance is ever to be established between our metropolitan areas and the surrounding countryside, between the communities in which men live and the recreational areas they seek. The planning must be done at many levels, and certainly must not be the monopoly of the Federal government. In fact, our metropolitan areas cannot be made safe for democracy unless new patterns of political organization are devised that cut across the boundaries of local, and frequently of state, government.

What has happened to our highway program, as the article that follows describes, is not particularly new or even particularly scandalous. It is just a repetition of what has happened in times past—when the railroads were built, and when some of our most important business empires or the new estate of organized labor came into existence. In each case, an economic or social goal, undoubtedly useful, was pursued as an end in itself. But in mid-twentieth-century America this pattern is no longer permissible. We are not rich enough to afford the happy-go-lucky planlessness of yore.

THEN there are all the other formidable tasks that will face our nation once the Eisenhower holiday from history is over. The educational system has to be put in order according to nation-wide standards—and this not just because the Russians have become adept at launching Sputniks and Luniks. Health insurance, particularly for old people, cannot much longer wait to be established all over the nation.

In all these areas, the Federal government must, in some measure, intervene; yet it would be fatal to our freedom if the Federal government were to do the whole job of planning and financing and running the educational, health, and transportation systems of the nation. It must be made possible for the citizens to participate in the new areas of self-government established to satisfy these public needs.

The United States is becoming more and more a union not only of states but of estates. We should not fear planning, remembering that operation of thorough planning which was superbly done for our country when the Founding Fathers gathered in Philadelphia. From what they did we can still draw guidance.

When our next President takes office he may not be well informed about all the old and new states and estates that demand direction from a Federal government with limited powers. But it will not take long for the new incumbent of the White House to realize that his job cannot possibly be the same as the one performed by Dwight Eisenhower.

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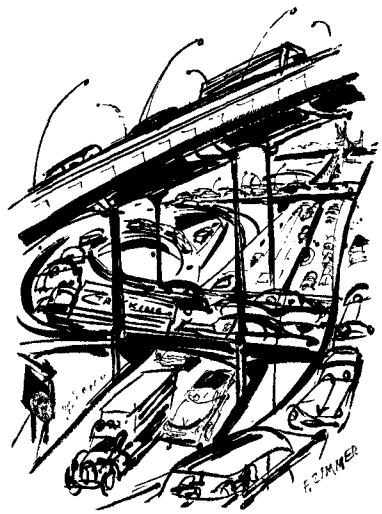
New Roads And Urban Chaos

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN



THE *Wall Street Journal* does not commonly describe any undertaking of the Eisenhower administration as "A vast program thrown together, imperfectly conceived and grossly mismanaged, and in due course becoming a veritable playground for extravagance, waste and corruption." It must, to the White House, seem notably unkind for the *Journal* to speak thus of an enterprise the administration has declared "the biggest public works program ever undertaken anywhere or at any time throughout the world." But even the President has conceded that all is not well with the $45-billion Interstate and Defense Highway program.

The program provides for the construction of 41,000 miles of superhighway, connecting ninety per cent of the nearly three hundred cities of the continental United States with populations of 50,000 or more. When completed, the system will carry twenty per cent of the nation's traffic. Up to ninety-five per cent of the cost will be paid by the Federal government. Half of it will be spent in the cities the system connects.

Washington abounds with administration task forces, Congressional committees, and special-interest groups—all investigating this program. Those in Congress who are looking for scandal will likely find no end of it. Those in the President's office looking for ways to cut back the program will have an even easier task, although they may encounter more difficulty getting their findings published during this election year. But very few seem to be asking whether, quite apart from corruption or extravagance, the program is bringing about changes for the worse in the efficiency of our transportation system and the character of our cities.

ONE OF THE best-publicized resolves of the administration that took office in 1953 was to redress the balance of Federal-state relations by divesting the national government of such usurpations of state sovereignty as vocational education and aid to the dependent blind. While almost nothing has come of this endeavor, an important change in Federal-state relations has in fact taken place during the Eisenhower years. The Federal government, through the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1956, has assumed the direction of highway construction—one of the few areas of significant government activity in which the states still had the initiative after the New Deal.

Although the Federal government has been providing some highway aid to the states since 1916, road building was almost entirely a state and local affair until 1956. The Federal Bureau of Public Roads was, as late as 1939, a small agency in the Department of Agriculture helping to "get the farmer out of the mud" by supplementing state highway budgets. The states spent the money pretty much as they pleased.

The system was permissive but not disorganized. Standards for highway construction, for example, and national routes (the familiar US sign) were successfully established on a voluntary basis. For the most part, however, these roads followed trails that had originated far back in frontier history. With the coming of the automobile they were just surfaced, and widened and straightened somewhat. Our counterparts of the "rolling English drunkard" who laid out Chesterton's "rolling English road" were the Iroquois war party and the Conestoga wagon: more purposeful but not less circuitous as they sought out the passes and water-level routes north and south, and across the continent. The Roman roads Hilaire Belloc has written of, struck like a lash across the conquered provinces, were not reproduced in America until we too established a dominant central government.

The idea of a Federal system of superhighways arose during the First World War. It was revived by the Roosevelt administration as a public-works project for building 14,000 miles of transcontinental routes. A study made by the Bureau of Public Roads, which the President commended to Congress in 1939, revealed that there was surprisingly little cross-country traffic and suggested that the concept be changed to a 26,700-mile intercity system. The idea was popularized by General Motors' Futurama exhibit at the New York World's Fair.

In 1944, after some further study, Congress authorized construction of a National Interstate Highway system on this basis. The size was increased to 40,000 miles. Thus, from the outset there has been more mileage authorized for the system than anyone knew exactly what to do with.

More Roads for More Cars

Authorization is the first step in a Federal public-works program. It more or less commits Congress to

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appropriate money at a future date and provides time for plans and other necessary arrangements to be made. Plans for the interstate system went ahead. In 1947 the Federal government and the states agreed on the location of 37,700 miles of the system, leaving the rest for additional urban connections. The roads were to be limited-access, multilane high-speed routes designed to the highest standards. But no special funds were appropriated to build them; only regular Federal highway-aid funds were made available, on the standard fifty-fifty matching basis. This required the states to take sizable amounts of money from regular projects to spend on interstate mileage.

THE RESULT was that the interstate mileage didn't get built. Highway-construction expenditure multiplied by nearly eight times from 1945 to 1952, but the states just wouldn't use their money on interstate highways. It had never, after all, been their idea. Special funds were thereupon appropriated and the Federal share increased to sixty per cent, but still with little effect. By 1952, less than one per cent of the system had been completed. Three years later President Eisenhower declared: "At the current rate of development, the interstate network would not reach even a reasonable level of extent and efficiency in half a century."

For the highway transportation industry this raised a serious question. Automobile registrations had almost doubled in the first decade after the war. By 1955 there was a motor vehicle for every seven hundred feet of lane in both directions on all the streets and roads of the nation. It was expected that registrations would rise another forty per cent in the following decade, to a total of eighty-one million. Yet already the cities were chockablock with cars. Unless more room was made for automobiles, the automobile industry itself might feel the pinch. "Either the roads must be made adequate for the traffic," stated the *Engineering News-Record,* "or the end of national expansion as we know it must be accepted."

Few pains were spared to popularize this notion. General Motors even went into the essay-sponsoring business, offering $25,000 for the best theme on "How to Build the Roads We Need." (The prize was won, naturally, by Robert Moses.)

But the Eisenhower administration needed little persuading. Highway transport had become, in the words of the Brookings Institution, "the greatest single combination of economic activities in men's history."

In July, 1954, the President proposed a "grand plan" for a national highway system. His plan was to build the interstate system Roosevelt had proposed and Congress had authorized. He next appointed a committee composed of General Lucius D. Clay and assorted men of substance, including Dave Beck, as was *de rigueur* in those days, to devise means for doing so. The committee quickly reported that the system would cost only $27.5 billion, and could be built, with borrowed money, in ten years. It proposed that the Federal government pay ninety per cent of the cost generally and up to ninety-five per cent in states with extensive untaxed Federal landholdings. The President submitted this proposal to Congress in February, 1955.

Something for Everybody

Introducing a highway program in today's Congress is like letting a tariff bill loose in the old days: the figures go up and up and up. The economic interest in highways affects not only General Motors but also countless numbers of garage owners, automobile dealers, road contractors, real-estate developers, and similar large and small businesses throughout the land. Conservatives think of roads as good for business. Liberals think of them as part of the litany of public investment they so love to chant: "Better Schools, Better Hospitals, Better Roads . . ." Plain politicians think of roads as the indispensable means by which the owners of seventy million motor vehicles derive the benefits from what is for most of them the largest or second largest investment they ever make.

Highway construction is especially important to the professional politicians, since it provides the largest single supply of money available these days to support their activities. The alliance of the county leader and the contractor is ancient and by no means dishonorable. Public works represents the most beneficent outlet yet devised for the politician's need to make a living and at the same time please the public. If it occasionally takes the form of paving stream beds in Kansas City, it may also produce a New York State Thruway.

IN MOST STATES a symbiotic relationship has been established between the contracting firms and the local political organizations which obviates the usual forms of corruption. The contractors pay an honest tithe to the parties' exchequers out of fair profits, which are large mostly because the sums involved are vast. It is a point of pride with many contractors to make all contributions by check and often, as it were, in public through advertisements in party yearbooks. To the extent that this system works, it provides an excellent if informal means of financing our parties out of tax funds: contractors are normally apolitical, asking only that there be just a little more than enough work to go around. The politicians usually do their best.

One special attraction of the interstate program was that these roads, for the most part, would be brand-new. Seventy-two per cent of the mileage, both in urban and rural areas, would be on entirely new locations. Along most of these thirty-thousand-odd miles, property values are destined to soar. This is sure to please the owners, whether the property has been in the family for years or, by good fortune, recently acquired. The redoubtable George Washington Plunkett of Tammany Hall was not the last American politician who could suggest as his epitaph "He Seen His Opportunities, and He Took 'Em."

In a Democratic Congress dominated by Southern and Western representatives, the program had the further advantage of providing a considerable subsidy to those parts of the country. Far the heaviest concentration of traffic and automobiles in the nation is located in a parallelogram running from Boston to Milwaukee down to St. Louis

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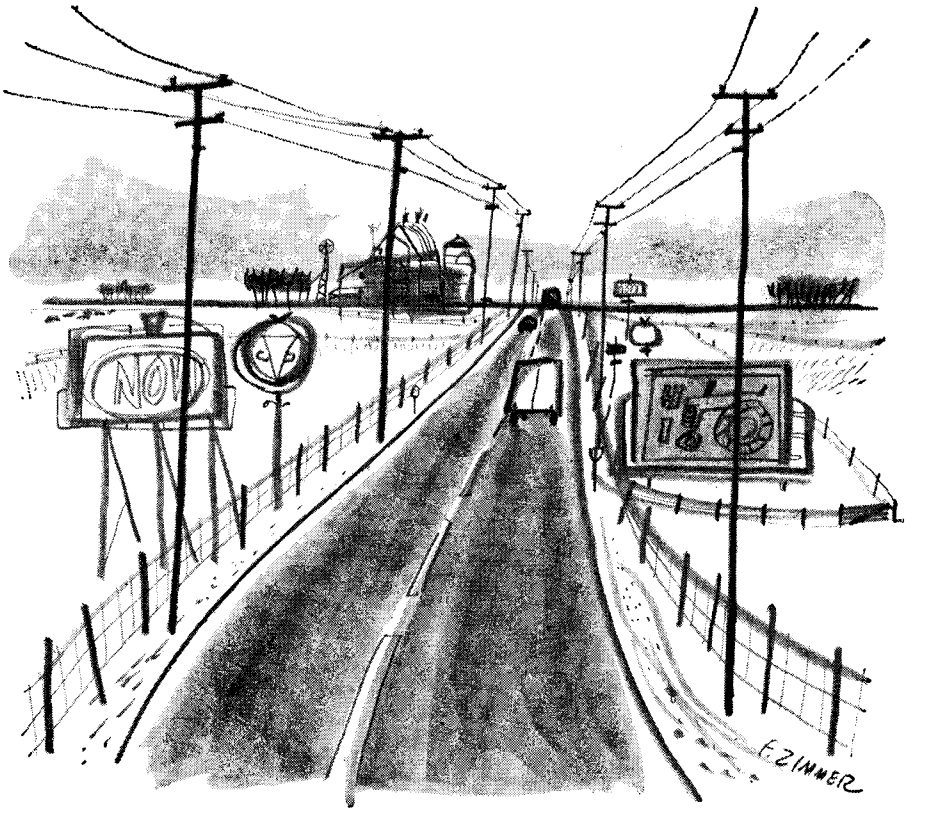
over to Washington and back up to Boston. The area's fourteen states and the District of Columbia had just under half the nation's motor vehicles in 1955. However, only a quarter of the interstate mileage is located in these states. Mississippi, with one-third to a half as many automobiles as Massachusetts, is to get almost one and a half times the mileage. Texas, with five-sixths as many automobiles as New York, is to get almost three times as much mileage.

IT WAS FORTUNATE for the President that there were so many sound political reasons to support his program. There weren't many others. With the railroads running at fifty per cent of capacity, a sudden, sharp increase in intercity transportation facilities represented, if anything, a threat to the economic stability of the entire transportation industry. Almost certainly the 40,000-mile figure was too large: it had no basis other than the enthusiasm of the wartime Congress for a peacetime program that might be years away. In 1944 Congress had little idea where this mileage was to be located, much less whether it would be needed. Ten years later the Clay Committee appointed by President Eisenhower found that only 8,500 miles of the system could expect enough traffic to pay for themselves as toll roads—and of these, all but 3,500 were already built or being built.

There was no question that city streets were jammed, and it was always understood that half the cost of the program would go to urban arterials. But this aspect of the program should have evoked the Malthusian specter raised by New York City's Deputy Administrator Lyle C. Fitch: the number of automobiles increases to fill all the space provided.

A few months after the program was adopted, Geoffrey Crowther of the London *Economist,* returned from a trans-American tour, told a New York meeting of the Committee for Economic Development: "I have driven myself with my own hands over 12,000 miles. . . . I could tell you a great deal about the . . . fabulous development of the highways in the United States. I find myself



puzzled by the statements—that are taken for granted in this country now—that your highways are obsolete. I think I can claim to know as much about them now as anybody in this room and I say it is not so. Your highway system is magnificent. It is overburdened in the immediate vicinity of the large cities; but get away from the large cities and your highways are empty.

"I wonder," said Crowther, speaking of the new interstate program, "if the matter has been investigated as thoroughly as it should be." It had been. Any number of congressmen had wondered if it could not be made bigger. It was. The President's proposal was adopted with only one other important change. Ever alert to the call of patriotism, Congress lengthened the title to make it the Interstate *and Defense* Highway program.

Who Pays the Bill?

The urge to have the highways was not matched by an urge to pay for them. From the outset the financing of the program has been the object of much controversy and muddle.

The Clay Committee had proposed that the program be financed through an independent Federal Highway Corporation which would sell some $20 billion worth of bonds to raise money to build the highways in a ten-year period. The bonds would be retired over thirty years by the returns on the two-cent Federal gasoline tax. This would have permitted an increase in government borrowing and spending of billions of dollars each year, without any increase in the debt limit, the budget, or taxes.

The fiscal conservatives in Congress were upset by this proposal for deficit financing. The partisan Democrats were loath to let the President carry off such a political coup. The two groups combined to insist on what is substantially a pay-as-you-go program, matching increased expenditures with increased taxes. After some difficulty over which taxes would be increased, a bipartisan program passed the House in April, 1956, by a vote of 388-19. The Senate approved its measure and the President promptly signed the conference bill.

The Highway Act of 1956 gave the President the $25 billion he had asked to construct the interstate system (to be matched by $2.5 billion from the states) and provided a third more than he had asked for regular highway aid. The authorized mileage of the interstate system

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was increased to 41,000. It was to be built over a thirteen-year period, at a rate of Federal expenditure rising to $2.2 billion per year.

To provide the money, the fuel tax was increased from two cents to three cents per gallon and the tax on new tires from five cents to eight cents per pound. These increases, together with some smaller ones on other taxes, brought an increase of almost two-thirds in taxes on highway use. A Highway Trust Fund was set up to receive these and some related taxes. The receipts of the Trust Fund would be used to pay for the highway program.

The device of the Trust Fund satisfied the administration's wish to keep the increased level of government spending from showing up in the budget. The bulk of highway expenditure is now carried as a separate item, similar to Social Security payments. Thus in the budget for fiscal 1961, highway expenditures are shown as $3 million, although they will actually be something like $3 billion.

THE PROGRAM got under way on July 1, 1956, but it was in trouble even before it began. The financial plan provided for the Highway Trust Fund to incur some deficits during the peak construction years. These would be balanced by surpluses obtained during the early period when the program was still on the drawing boards and during the latter years as it was tapering off. At the last minute, Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, supported by Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, added an amendment that forbade the Trust Fund ever to incur a deficit. This meant the scheduled program would have to be cut back as soon as the small initial surplus was used up.

A deficit seemed imminent in March, 1958, when the President asked Congress to permit the expenditure of an additional $600 million on the interstate system as an anti-recession measure. Congress eagerly responded with $800 million. The 1958 recession thus caused an increase in expenditures and at the same time a decrease in receipts because of lowered economic activity. In January, 1959, the Secretary of Commerce reported to Congress that unless receipts were increased the fund would soon be exhausted. There would be no interstate funds apportioned for fiscal 1961 and only $500 million for 1962.

To prevent this the President asked that fuel taxes be increased from three cents to four and a half cents a gallon. This aroused opposition from the oil companies, and for a time it seemed that the program might be seriously interrupted, but at the last moment Congress enacted a one-cent gas-tax increase. The President asked for the other half cent in his recent budget message, but nothing will be done until after the election.

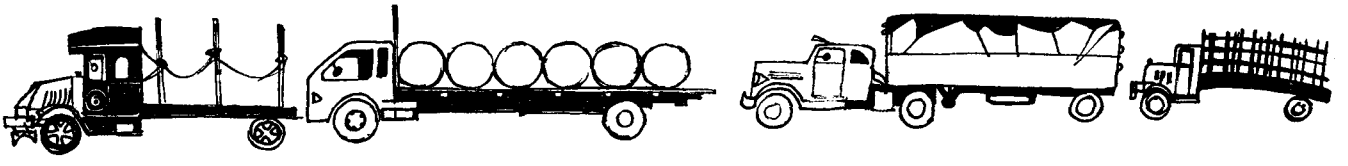
SOMETHING will have to be done soon, however, for the financial problems of the interstate system have become more difficult than simply maintaining the level of expenditures envisioned in 1956. Since then the estimated cost of the system has almost doubled.

In January, 1958, the Secretary of Commerce announced that revised estimates indicated that instead of $25 billion, the Federal share of the interstate cost would be nearly $34 billion. This was for only 38,548 miles, however, which, it turned out, was all the routes laid out in 1947 required. To build the remaining 1,452 of the 40,000 miles originally planned (never any question of just dispensing with them as a tribute to efficient management) and the extra thousand miles authorized in 1956 will require another $2.2 billion. Technically the revised estimate did not even cover all of the 38,548 miles, since it did not include the cost of reimbursing the states that had already built parts of the system with their own funds or as toll roads. This would add perhaps $4.3 billion. There is also the matter of some $1.5 billion for relocating railroad tracks, telephone lines, and other utilities disturbed by the new highways, as authorized by Congress. Also, another half billion dollars might be needed to provide the extra 1.5 per cent of the cost to states that forbid billboards along the new routes, as authorized by Congress. This could bring the total Federal-state cost to something like $45 billion. The sole prospect of economy is that the states aren't taking up the no-billboard option.

Who Runs It?

This is not the end of it: rising costs are built into the interstate system. From the outset the program has been undermined by the administration's desire for Big Government achievements without Big Government. The Clay Committee envisioned the largest public-works program in history being carried on with no increase in public personnel. ". . . The Federal Highway Corporation should consist only of a board of directors with secretarial assistants"—a kind of bureaucratic fantasy in which almost everyone is a member of the board and there is no overhead. The Clay Committee proposed that the interstate program be operated through the Bureau of Public Roads as an ordinary Federal highway-aid program, with all the work of picking sites, drawing plans, letting contracts, and so forth, done by the states. For extra help the states, many of which were altogether incapable of doing such work anyway, would turn to the "private engineering organizations capable of providing sound engineering in this field." All of this, in some way, would further "the President's stated desire for 'a cooperative alliance between Federal Government and the States so that government . . . will be the manager of its own area.'"

The President has had his desire. The Bureau of Public Roads, with only a handful of extra help, depends on the states, which depend on consulting engineers. The consulting



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engineers, normally paid by a percentage of cost of the projects they design, depend on the Rotary Club for forecasts of the traffic potential of whatever town they happen to be tearing up.

Where Is It Built?

Many instances of almost incredible mismanagement have appeared in scathing reports by the Comptroller General, but there is nothing to be done about it. The interstate program is not a Federal enterprise; it is only a Federal expense. Washington is simply committed to keep supplying money until it is finished. But the states have no real freedom of action either. The basic decision to build the system has been made for them: the enormous "bargain" of the 90-10 money makes it politically impossible to do anything but take the money as fast as possible and try to match it. Since all contracts are closely scrutinized by the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, the states hardly see it as their responsibility to control the costs of the program, as indeed it is not. But the bureau, under equally heavy pressure to keep the program rolling and Congress happy, exercises little real control. It functions rather as a company comptroller who fusses over items on an expense account without ever daring to ask if the trip was necessary. In fairness, the bureau could hardly do otherwise: in 1958 it had two investigators to cover the entire United States.

The Comptroller General's men recently came upon a three-mile segment in "a very sparsely settled area" of Nevada on which three interchanges have been built at a cost of $384,000. They will handle a daily traffic load of eighty-nine vehicles, serving, in the words of the General Accounting Office, "some old mines, a power line, four or five small ranches, and a house of ill repute."

From Arkansas the state auditors reported: "On every hand among both employees and commissioners we encountered a strange and distressing apathy at any extravagant use of highway funds." In Indiana apathy was replaced by enthusiasm: the boys had organized a syndicate with highway-department employees to take *all* the risks out of speculating on capital gains from right-of-way condemnations. The Pennsylvania highway department, one hundred per cent patronage, was performing less than ten per cent of the preliminary engineering on interstate routes, while passing out contracts to consulting engineers at the rate of a $1 million a month. In West Virginia, ". . . only about ten per cent of the state's project engineers . . . were registered or graduate engineers."

With no strong direction of the program, there has been no way to resist the political pressures to build a little bit of interstate highway in every county along the 41,000-mile route. Limited-access highways over

new locations are more like bridges than ordinary roads. Until they make the complete crossing from one city to another they are relatively useless, starting, likely as not, at one of the cities and ending in a cornfield. A minimum of businesslike management would have arranged for the system to be built in complete segments, concentrating on the more important ones. Instead it is being built in fragments strewn across the continent. It will be years before these are connected into anything like a national system.

THE REPEATED financial crises of the program have created a mistaken impression that it is slowing down. Apportionments of funds for the next two fiscal years will be down as much as $600 million, but this will no more than offset the increases provided in 1958. According to Federal Highway Administrator Bertram D. Tallamy, who built the New York State Thruway and is in charge of the interstate program, expenditures are running some four per cent ahead of the schedule envisioned by the 1956 legislation. Fifteen thousand miles of the system are either in the contract stage or have actually been completed. Routes have been located and plans are in process for ninety-five per cent of the remaining mileage.

True, unless more funds are made available, the program will stretch out. But there is much support for providing more funds. The President's recent budget message, which calls for cuts in housing, hospital, water pollution, and similar programs and makes clear that a serious education bill will be vetoed, nonetheless proposes more funds to "permit the construction program for the Interstate System to proceed at a higher and more desirable level." Congress continues to share the President's unflagging interest in highways. Senator Albert Gore, who sponsored the 1956 legislation, was talking awhile back about adding another seven thousand miles.

A few legislators such as Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois have questioned whether this is the very best way to spend our money. Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota has asked whether the program wasn't merely hastening the day when "You'll be able to drive eighty miles an hour along superhighways from one polluted stream to another, from one urban slum to another, from one rundown college campus to another."

The only certain consequence of the rising costs of the program is that there is no longer much serious possibility of reimbursing the states that built sections of the system as toll roads. In the postwar years, after the outlines of the interstate system had been established, a number of states did this. From the outset of the present program it has been recognized that justice entitled these states to be reimbursed so that they might either remove the tolls or build additional roads. Five years ago it seemed unthinkable that this would not be done. An administration spokesman told the House Committee on Public Works that not to reimburse these

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states would be like saying, "Boys, we are sorry, you took care of yourselves, so you do not get anything."

The 1956 legislation declared the intent of Congress to settle this matter, but as one financial crisis has followed another, the intention has grown weaker. It is now practically settled that those states which did not wait around for Uncle Sam to look after them will in fact get nothing. So much for the fate of the bird dogs in the Eisenhower years.

Not surprisingly, seventy per cent of these toll roads are located in the states of the northeastern parallelogram, which as a result will get even less than a quarter of the interstate mileage.

This development only compounds the inequity of paying for the interstate system with gasoline taxes. Drivers on the Massachusetts Turnpike, the Indiana Toll Road, the New York State Thruway, and similar highways will not only have to pay tolls to use their portion of the interstate system, but they will be paying extra gasoline taxes to build the other portions.

Who Benefits Most?

Apart from any regional imbalance, the gasoline tax is still a highly questionable way of distributing the burden of paying for the interstate system in terms of the benefits that will be derived from it. The fuel levy really amounts to a household tax—more than fifteen dollars a year on the average—on the seven out of ten American families that own an automobile. Most of these families will use the interstate from time to time, but hardly enough to get their money back.

By contrast, the system will provide a great subsidy to industry in the form of cheap road transport. The nature of this subsidy has been obscured by the endless arguments concerning the precise share of highway costs that should be paid by trucks as against private automobiles. (The Federal government and the states are currently spending $22 million running tractor-trailers over a road near Ottawa, Illinois, to determine just how much they damage the pavement.) Although it appears that truckers do not pay a fair portion of highway costs, this in itself is not the secret of their economic success. The truckers' main advantage is that railroads must pay *all* the cost of building and maintaining their transportation system, while trucks pay only when they actually use the roads. Of each railroad revenue dollar, twenty cents goes to right-of-way costs. For trucks the figure is four and a half cents.

As a result of this advantage, in the words of the industry's trade association, "Within one generation, trucking has become the dominant form of transportation in the United States." This dominance will be confirmed by the completion of the interstate system, at a presently estimated cost of some $45 billion. The net investment in our entire 220,000-mile railroad system is only $28 billion. Were it not for the trucking subsidy, the railroads would almost certainly be running at better than their current fifty per cent of capacity.

Some of this imbalance could be righted if the Interstate Commerce Commission were authorized to take the road subsidy into account in fixing trucking rates. But actually only a third of the road transport is conducted by firms operating as common carriers in direct competition with railroads and under regulation by the ICC. Railroad analyst A. Joseph Debe of Standard & Poor's estimates that two-thirds of it is conducted by or for private industries hauling their own products. It is these companies, spread across the entire range of American industry, that benefit most from the highway subsidy.

Because two-thirds of truck traffic is subject to no rate regulation, the only practical way to restore any economic balance in intercity transportation would be to impose a toll on the commercial users of the interstate system. A permit system would not send trucks to parallel routes: they gladly pay as much as ten cents a mile to use a road like the New York State Thruway. (This may give some indication of the size of subsidy on free roads.)

THE QUESTION of tolls must also be asked in connection with the problem of how the system is to be maintained by the states once it is built. Running a limited-access highway is a complex, exacting job requiring intensive, continuous supervision, much as does running a railroad. The great turnpikes are, in fact, very much like railroads; they are not public facilities nearly so much as they are public enterprises. Their headquarters are elaborate communications centers receiving information and dispatching orders, often of much urgency. The forces required to keep the routes open in winter, repair damage, keep up with maintenance, and generally look after things are far greater than those required on ordinary roads. The costs run as high as $10,000 per mile per year. Few states have this kind of money; fewer have the organization to spend it effectively. Only tolls can really be expected to provide either.

The problem will be vastly enlarged by the absence of any food or fuel facilities on the interstate system. Limited-access highways are isolated travel corridors; it is essential that they be as self-contained as possible. Restaurants and service stations are automatically included in plans for any large toll road. Anyone who has used a turnpike knows how busy these facilities are. They produce income from concessionaire fees and provide indispensable services to motorists. But the Highway Act of 1956 specifically provided that there should be *no* service facilities on the system.

A motorist on the interstate system who has car trouble or needs gas will have to leave the main road at an interchange to find a service station. At four in the afternoon he will almost certainly find one open. At four in the morning he will almost certainly find them all closed. The oil companies are thus

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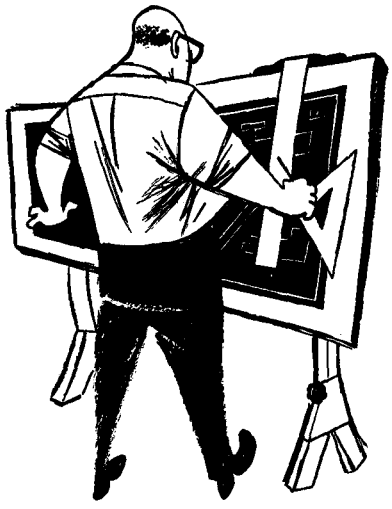
free of any obligation to set up stations on interstate routes where their prices might be regulated, where they might have to share their profits with the state governments, and most particularly where they might have to stay open in the unprofitable hours of the early morning. And, of course, nothing will help real-estate values at those interchanges like a gas station and a honky-tonk or two. As far as the public is concerned, it means the interstate routes will almost certainly be poorly maintained and will be dangerous to drive on at night or at any time during the winter.

Chaos in Concrete

It is not true, as is sometimes alleged, that the sponsors of the interstate program ignored the consequences it would have in the cities. Nor did they simply acquiesce in them. They exulted in them. Thanks to highways, declared the Clay Report, "We have been able to disperse our factories, our stores, our people; in short, to create a revolution in living habits. Our cities have spread into suburbs, dependent on the automobile for their existence. The automobile has restored a way of life in which the individual may live in a friendly neighborhood, it has brought city and country closer together, it has made us one country and a united people."

This rhapsody startled many of those who have been concerned with the future of the American city. To undertake a vast program of urban highway construction with no thought for other forms of transportation seemed lunatic.

The 1939 report that Roosevelt sent to Congress—prepared in the Department of Agriculture—took it as axiomatic that the new highways would be part of, and provide the occasion for, a "radical revision of the city plan," which would coordinate other urban programs such as slum clearance and provide for a "reintegration of facilities for the various forms of transportation." The 1944 legislation had much the same intent. But so far as the Highway Act of 1956 goes, there is no form of transportation but the automobile, and the act has no objective save providing more room for it.



It had always been understood that a large portion of the interstate funds would be spent in the metropolitan areas, but the 1956 legislation went further to declare that "local needs . . . shall be given equal consideration with the needs of interstate commerce," thus authorizing construction of arterial highways only by courtesy connected with the interstate system.

It was clear at the time that locating the metropolitan portions of the interstate system would constitute an unprecedented venture into national planning. It was estimated that the size of our metropolitan areas would double by 1975. For good or ill, the location of the interstate arterials would, more than any other factor, determine how this growth would take place. Yet no planning provisions of any kind were included.

In the absence of any other provisions, the "planning" would be done by highway engineers. Theirs, admittedly, is an unjustly maligned profession. Nothing in the training or education of most civil engineers prepares them to do anything more than build sound highways cheaply. In the course of doing this job they frequently produce works of startling beauty—compare the design of public highways with that of public housing. Yet, in the words of John T. Howard of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "It does not belittle them to say that, just as war is too important to leave to the generals, so highways are too important to leave to the highway engineers."

Highways determine land use, which is another way of saying they settle the future of the areas in which they are built. It stands to reason that engineers should be required to conform their highway plans to metropolitan land-use plans designed in the context of more general economic and social objectives.

Yet in 1956 we had no metropolitan area plans, as we had no metropolitan area governments. The only one we have now is in Dade County (Miami), Florida, which is just getting started.

In this predicament, there was considerable sentiment for a moratorium on the urban interstate program until planning requirements could be imposed. Most of those concerned, however, as the distinguished transportation economist Wilfred Owen is frank to say, felt if the program went ahead it would precipitate such a crisis that something would have to be done at last about our metropolitan areas.

Across the nation there seemed to be an increasing awareness among those who actually run the cities and suburbs that to do nothing more than build bigger highways only produced bigger traffic jams. There seemed a growing belief that a complex system of mass transit had to be preserved, or revived, or even indeed created—if only to make automobile transportation feasible.

The sorry results of carrying on a number of Federal urban-development programs completely independent of each other had become increasingly evident. Thus the American Municipal Association formally requested legislation requiring that the urban-renewal and highway program be co-ordinated.

THE CRISIS has come. It has been impossible for the cities to resist the offer of unprecedented amounts of money, however futile they might know it will be to spend it on highways alone. In one metropolis after another the plans have been thrown together and the bulldozers set to work.

Here and there, as in Milwaukee, a vigorous and established city planning authority has been able to get intolerable plans redrawn. But in general the program is doing about what was to be expected: throwing up a Chinese wall across Wilming-

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ton, driving educational institutions out of downtown Louisville, plowing through the center of Reno. When the interstate runs into a place like Newburgh, New York, the wreckage is something to see. Down the Hudson, Robert Moses is getting set to build the Canal Street Expressway, the first hundred-million-dollar mile.

The Bureau of Public Roads recently considered an edict requiring that some area plans be developed before interstate funds are allocated, but the idea was abandoned. Some felt it was too late anyway. As for relating the highway program to urban renewal, a recent policy statement of the American Institute of Planners said simply: "Except for the coordination which may be supplied at the local level . . . each one is apparently operating entirely independently of the other." The legislation asked by the Municipal Association was never introduced. It was with compassion that Paul Ylvisaker of the Ford Foundation recently addressed a meeting of city planners as the "Beaten Profession."

Just ahead for all of us, perhaps, is Los Angeles, in the words of Harrison Salisbury, "nestled under its blanket of smog, girdled by bands of freeways, its core eviscerated by concrete strips and asphalt fields, its circulatory arteries pumping away without focus . . . the prototype of Gasopolis, the rubber-wheeled living region of the future."

Money Talks

Yet we may be learning our lesson after all: Owen may be right. All across the country, area planners and highway engineers are discussing what they recognize as their common problems with a new sense of urgency. It is clear that if the areas in which Federal highways are to be built were required to work out adequate plans for the use of land and transportation before the money was handed over, the planning would almost certainly be done. The demand for 90-10 highway funds is so great that there is almost nothing, however sensible, that local governments would not do to get their share.

It is true that metropolitan-area planning will not be an easy matter to bring off. Dennis O'Harrow, director of the American Society of Planning Officials, says candidly: "There is a shortage of planners, a shortage of information, a shortage of money to support studies, and more fundamentally, a shortage of information as to what should be done if you could do what you wished." But this is a normal condition of human affairs. Almost any effort to think a bit about what we are doing would help.

Simply by providing some flexibility in the program, we could produce great savings. If the cities were permitted to do what they thought best with, say, fifty per cent of the more than $20 billion of interstate funds allotted to them, much of it would almost certainly go to mass transit and commuter facilities. This kind of money could reshape urban transportation in America: our total national investment in public transit is less than $4 billion, and a combined highway-mass transit-commuter program could almost certainly produce the same results at lower cost than a program dependent on highways alone.

It is becoming increasingly apparent that American government, both national and local, can no longer ignore what is happening as the suburbs eat endlessly into the countryside. Since the spreading pollution of land follows the roads, those who build the roads must also recognize their responsibility for the consequences. There are a number of obvious steps that could be taken. Public authorities could, for example, buy up the development rights of open land in the suburbs—not the property itself, but only an easement to prevent it from being turned into a factory site or a housing development. This could be done, as it is in England, in accordance with an area land-use plan that fixes the perimeter of the metropolitan area, or alternates built-up sections with open spaces. What this really amounts to is effective zoning regulations.

How could the money be found to pay for the development rights? A practical solution would be the technique of "excess-taking" as proposed by President Roosevelt in his 1939 message to Congress. As he put it: "The government, which puts up the cost of the highway, buys a strip on each side of the highway itself, uses it for the rental of concessions and sells it off over a period of years to home builders and others who wish to live near a main artery of travel. Thus the government gets the unearned increment and reimburses itself in large part for the building of the road."

This "unearned increment" can be staggering; a five thousand per cent increase in land values is not uncommon. At a time when state and local governments are reaching a limit of the money they can get out of taxpayers, here is an opportunity to get money that doesn't belong to anyone: it doesn't exist, as it were, until the government builds the highway. It represents a legitimate source of government revenue of great potential. Used to shape the development that the highways make possible, it could transform the suburbs of the next half century.

ALL THESE possibilities are enlivened by the investigation of the interstate program now getting underway in Congress. So much thieving, mischief, and blunder will be uncovered (if not, it will be necessary to investigate the investigators) that the public should be prepared for a serious reappraisal of the program by the next administration, Democratic or Republican.

We may yet impart some sanity and public purpose to this vast enterprise. We may yet establish some equity in paying for the highways and restore some balance between them and other elements of our transportation system. We may even refute Belloc's dictum, "The general rule in history is that a city having reached its highest point of wealth becomes congested, refuses to accept its only remedy, and passes on from congestion to decay." But we shall not escape his rule that "the Road moves and controls all history."

Roads can make or break a nation.

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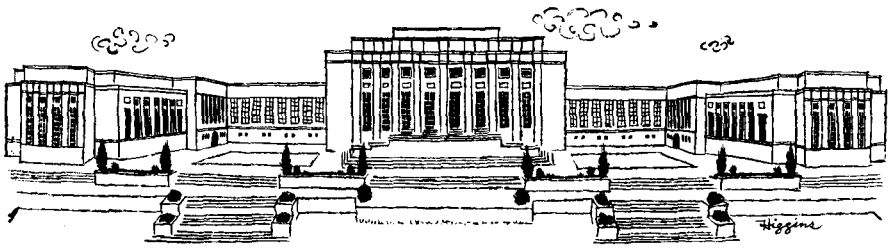

Should NATO Become A Nuclear Power?

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

LONDON

SPRING is the season of hope, and each year at this time the leaders of the Atlantic Alliance, surveying the confusion in their own ranks, cast about for means of producing order in them. Last year the source of confusion was primarily political: the very different meanings attached to the idea of "coexistence" in London, Washington, Paris, and Bonn. This year the chief sources of anxiety and discord are military: the difficulties of creating a stable system of NATO defense and deterrence in the nuclear-missile age as military necessity and political necessities increasingly diverge.

Three developments—the shift in British defense policy, the emergence of France as a nuclear power, the confusion caused by the West German quest for bases—have, within the space of a few weeks, awakened public opinion in NATO countries to the need for a more coherent system of integration and interdependence than the jumble of independent national policies that has sufficed hitherto. The question this year is whether the political leaders can bring themselves to accept the logic of military developments.

Britain's Strategic Retreat

The seeds of change in British defense policy have been germinating for at least two years; and last October, when the victorious Harold Macmillan reshuffled his cabinet, it became certain that they would flower. The replacement of Duncan Sandys at the ministry of defense by Harold Watkinson, a soft-spoken civil engineer who had made his reputation in the difficult field of transport, was more than just a change of faces and personalities. It was the substitution of an open-minded man, receptive to advice and change, for a dogmatic genius who had staked his whole reputation on a losing gamble that Britain could continue to function as a fully independent nuclear power in the missile age. For many months before Sandys was diverted to the quieter task of tidying up the British aircraft industry, his policy had been drawing a growing amount of criticism. His reiteration of the doctrine of massive retaliation, his emphasis on Britain's contribution to nuclear deterrence and the attrition of its conventional forces, and his scarcely concealed contempt for NATO had been attracting opposition from many different quarters: From the foreign office, which was aware of the extent to which Britain's unilateral defense planning was contributing to a growing estrangement from France, Germany, and the other Common Market countries. From the Labour Party, which found his preoccupation with nucleonics a good means of uniting its own scattered loyalties. From the Conservative blackbenchers, who are more concerned with Britain's ability to fulfill its Commonwealth commitments in terms of mobile land and naval forces than with keeping abreast of the Americans and Russians. From the chiefs of staff, who have been convinced for a year or more than the sixty-foot liquid-fueled missile Bluestreak (only slightly smaller than its American prototype Atlas), to which Sandys had committed his prestige, would be hopelessly vulnerable and strategically obsolete by the time it became operational in the mid-1960's. And finally from the treasury, which adamantly held that Britain could not maintain both a large nuclear and an adequate conventional capability throughout the 1960's without a steady increase in defense expenditure and a heavy strain on the civil economy.

Tories pride themselves on being pragmatists. Watkinson has listened to all these arguments, but for the moment has accepted none of the alternative nostrums that have been pressed upon him. He has publicly put the future of Bluestreak in suspense (its champions hope to save the project as Britain's contribution to space research); and he has already implied that since only mobile-based missiles will make sense in Britain in the mid-1960's, he will take advantage of American progress rather than embark on a new "go-it-alone" program of purely British research and development. At the moment his hopes are centered around the U.S. Navy's Polaris and the Northrop-Douglas Skybolt air-to-ground ballistic missile, which has a thousand-mile range and could be delivered by Britain's V-bomber force as well as by the U.S. Strategic Air Command. Skybolt could prolong the usefulness of Britain's manned bomber force and could be a credible deterrent, since R.A.F. Bomber Command can now get its planes off the ground in four minutes in a period of alert—which will be within the period of warning of a Soviet missile strike and faster than the countdown on a liquid-fueled missile. Theoretically, Polaris could be mounted in surface ships as well as in nuclear submarines, of which Britain will be able to afford only a few.

BUT NOW that the glacial mold imposed by Sandys has been broken, the minds of ministers and their officials are open to a re-evaluation of Britain's defense problems. Clear-

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ly the government would like to find the technical means to maintain an independent British nuclear deterrent, and in this it has the full backing of the official Labour leadership, which in this respect is much more chauvinist and distrustful of an American monopoly in the West than the Tories. The British aircraft industry, uncertain whether it can stay in the race with the Americans and the Russians for supersonic civil aircraft, would welcome any development that extended the usefulness of manned bombers—an attitude shared by both the unions and the employers. But Skybolt and even Polaris are still unproved weapons, and Watkinson will not make up his mind whether they can usefully serve Britain's needs until he has visited Washington this summer. If there is any doubt about them, then he and his colleagues are now prepared to face the really hard decision to write off the idea of an independent deterrent and subordinate Britain's existing and future capability to the authority of NATO itself. The service departments are reluctant to admit that this decision might be necessary, but the foreign office is eager to discuss the possibility, and Watkinson himself is greatly concerned over the decay of confidence in NATO. It would be a tough decision to take, and probably politically unpopular with all but the Labour left wing and the Liberal minority who avowedly favor this course. But for the first time in three years the government is prepared to contemplate it.

Sandblasting and *Fliegenraum*

The doubts about Britain's ability to remain in the nuclear arms race, which have become public within a few weeks of France's Sahara explosion, have aborted de Gaulle's plans to use his nuclear capacity to enhance France's influence. Already the French government has realized that the original means of delivery of the French atom bomb, the Mirage IVB bomber, would have little practicality in an age of ballistic missiles and "hard" sites, and last year a French design team was hastily put together to work on a two-thousand-mile solid-fuel IRBM that could reach the Urals from Nancy. It is true that France has a little more uncluttered real estate to play with than Britain, including some mountainous terrain that might make suitable hard bases for missiles. But if Britain, with larger industrial and scientific resources than France, finds the independent development of the two-thousand-mile missile beyond its capability, it seems improbable that the Fifth Republic, with a tremendous drain on its conventional forces in Algeria, can hope to develop one in the next eight or ten years. The French planners now know in their hearts that it cannot be done, and in consequence they too are prepared to turn to the United States for weapons.

Whether de Gaulle realizes this is hard to tell, but NATO Supreme Commander Lauris Norstad's recent success in making him understand the necessity for an integrated air defense system in Europe indicates that the president is now readier to consider contemporary problems on their merits and less suspicious of NATO's military structure as a plot against the independence and glory of France. And soon his new enlightenment must inevitably be brought to bear on the difficulty of producing an independent nuclear deterrent—in his lifetime at least—that will either deter the Russians or do much more than enhance his nuisance value in Washington.

But nuclearism is a catching disease, and the great fear throughout NATO is that if the French find they cannot produce an effective missile they will call in the Germans to assist them. Or that if France, in spite of the high cost, decides to produce a missile to carry its nuclear warhead, then post-Adenauer Germany, richer by far in industrial and scientific resources, will decide that such a program is the indispensable attribute of a major sovereign power and do likewise. It is this underlying fear that has blown up what otherwise would have been regarded merely as a diplomatic *bêtise*—the German quest for bases in Spain—into a major row within the alliance.

A great deal of the fuss, as some of those who caused it now ruefully admit, has been absurd. In Britain the conjunction of the two words "Germany" and "Spain" was like a red rag to every John Bull over middle age—a circumstance that was gleefully exploited by the mass-circulation *Daily Express*.

But the incident has had two side effects. In the first place it has been a public revelation that hardly any progress has been made in the integration of the supply line and logistics of the eight countries with forces in Western Europe. The smaller powers, led by West Germany (which in the end has been forced to make its own arrangements), have been clamoring for such integration, but it has been blocked by the opposition of Britain, France, and the United States—which have their own supply systems dating from the Second World War and the days of the occupation of Germany. In addition to emphasizing the need for a stronger central authority in the alliance, the German-Spanish incident has reminded the NATO partners that West Germany is now a full-fledged military power, not merely on the ground but in the air as well. It was chiefly West Germany's need for flying space that prompted the approach to the Spanish government, and West Germany is now the prime contractor in Europe for the production of the F 105G Starfighter.

The Need for Integration

The German-Spanish incident has provided a powerful argument for a more highly integrated system of decision making. But who can grasp the opportunity? Logically, it should be the United States, for if the events of the last two months have demonstrated one thing clearly, it is that the allies are becoming more dependent on the United States rather than less so. The dependence is no longer economic or financial. Only the poorest countries in the alliance still need such help; the leading European NATO powers—Britain, France, West Germany, and Italy—can afford to buy their military hardware from the United States. But their technical dependence is greater than ever as the strategic balance of power becomes centered around the missile. Britain and perhaps France could produce one weapons system each to the six or seven being developed in the United States. But, as British experi-

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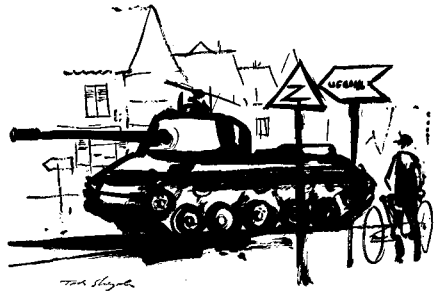
ence has now shown, a single weapons system is too easily checkmated by breakthroughs in Soviet technology. The diversity needed for an effective deterrent in the West can be provided only by the United States, however useful British and French contributions to research or minor weapons may be.

There is, however, no sign of any policy in Washington that would make use of this opportunity to enforce a greater degree of integration of national planning within the alliance. Moreover, it is probably too much to expect an initiative from Washington in an election year, particularly when the eyes of the electorate have been focused on the purely Soviet-American strategic equation. It is conceivable that Britain will take the lead in proposing a deterrent system of bombers and missiles in Europe under the operational control of NATO if not actually under its ownership, but it will be some time before Mr. Watkinson and his colleagues will have adequate technical information to convince themselves that this is their only alternative. The French military authorities are prepared to contemplate the idea of a medium-range striking force under NATO control, but only if a proportion of the American missiles supplied for this purpose are under strictly national control—a concept that is not likely to appeal greatly to the smaller countries, which fear the danger of accidental war from just such an arrangement.

In the meantime the problem is becoming urgent as more and more short-range missiles with a nuclear capability become distributed throughout Europe under the plans originated in 1957. The Honest John is now in the hands of almost every NATO ally; West Germany is getting its thousand-mile Mace missiles; and even Norway, hitherto obdurate against accepting missiles on its territory, is now reconsidering the question. In theory the nuclear warheads are under American lock and key in each case, but a recent demonstration to the press at a Thor base in England convinced correspondents that this was a very tenuous form of control that could be evaded in a crisis.

Thus at the moment when it is becoming clear that there is no future for purely national systems of heavy strategic weapons in Europe, it is also becoming apparent that the existing formula for the central control of the smaller atomic weapons is likely to prove inadequate to sustain the necessary degree of confidence among the NATO allies over the long run.

IN A SPEECH in Los Angeles last December, General Norstad took note of a suggestion that NATO itself might become a major atomic power, that "the control of weapons might be passed to the alliance and that they might be committed



to NATO so long as the alliance endures. . . ." And he continued: "It should not be assumed that even the creation of a multinational atomic authority—making an alliance, NATO for instance, the fourth atomic power—would necessarily influence the desire of some nations to pursue their own independent quest for an atomic weapons capability—although such action might very well remove a good part of the motivation of others to do so. . . . But for the alliance to have continuing life and meaning, it needs an increasing authority. Action to pass to the alliance greater control over atomic weapons and subjecting their use more directly to the collective will, if politically feasible, could be a great new step."

There are, of course, a thousand pitfalls in the way of implementing any transfer to NATO of American control over American missiles and fighter bombers. The United States Atomic Energy Act at present provides no way in which American-made warheads can legally pass out of American hands, and President Eisenhower has said that the United States has no present intention of sharing nuclear weapons with its allies. Many still say that the European allies trust the United States more than they trust each other and that collective ownership and control would inevitably divide them. There is, too, the military argument that a collectively controlled striking force would have less deterrent effect upon the Russians than one under national control. A valid concept of temporary international ownership has yet to be devised by the lawyers, while all the problems of who would bear what proportion of the cost and responsibility have not even begun to be sorted out.

General Norstad is too good an international diplomatist to campaign openly for his ideas. What he has suggested publicly on this subject relates only to the control of the smaller atomic weapons in NATO, and he must clearly wait for the idea of a common strategic force to germinate in the minds of national governments as the dangers and cost of maintaining separate national ones become apparent. He has already taken a step in the direction of greater integration by creating a small NATO mobile reserve made up of a French, a British, and an American battalion for possible use on the vulnerable southern and northern flanks of the alliance. It is clear, however—and this the President emphasized in a letter to Khrushchev—that only the American battalion would have atomic weapons.

IN SPITE OF the difficulties inherent in any readjustment of the present control systems, every sign seems to point toward a centralization of power in NATO in order to handle the problems with which military technology has confronted the alliance. This, of course, is based on the assumption that no agreement is reached in the current negotiations with the Russians on a measure of disarmament accompanied by a measure of control. Moreover, any new revolutionary ideas like the entrusting of atomic weapons to NATO would have to wait until there is a new President in the White House. But it is almost certain that whoever he is, he will be faced with as momentous a decision as that of President Truman when he first committed the United States to a permanent alliance in time of peace.

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GOVERNOR COLLINS AND THE 'SIT-INS'

On Sunday, March 20, Governor LeRoy Collins of Florida delivered a radio and TV speech on the lunch-counter "sit-ins" which young Negroes have been staging in many cities of the South recently. Here are some excerpts from that speech:

IT was on last October 1 that four Negro college students from a North Carolina college went into a Woolworth store in Greensboro, N. C. They bought some toothpaste or other minor items at one of the counters and turned over to the lunch counter and ordered a cup of coffee.

The waitress said, "I'm sorry. We do not serve Negroes here."

One of the students said, "Why, I have just been served here. I bought a tube of toothpaste over there." She said, "Well, we serve you over there but we do not serve you here."

That was the first of these demonstrations. Many followed there in Greensboro involving hundreds of people. It spread throughout North Carolina on to Virginia, to South Carolina, to all the other states of the South, including Florida.

We've had many throughout our state, and unlike some people assume, not all of these demonstrations were sponsored by students. In fact only a minority have been sponsored by students. But the worst of all has occurred, as I think some of you know, in Tallahassee. And there it was largely sponsored by students from the Florida A.&M. University—our Negro institution—and Florida State University.

There the city of Tallahassee took a rather rigid and punitive position in respect to these demonstrations. And of course, this gave the appearance of partiality or non-objectivity. And this caused the condition to become aggravated and we finally developed conditions there in Tallahassee of which I am frankly ashamed . . . .

BUT what is the legal situation about these so-called demonstrations? First I want to say this to every one of you: that we are going to have law and order in this state. I don't care who the citizen is, he is going to be protected in pursuing his legal rights in Florida. And that goes for every place in Florida.

Now under our free-enterprise system and under our laws a merchant has the right, the legal right, to select the patrons he serves. And certainly he is going to be protected in that right. The customer has rights, of course, to trade or not to trade with any man he wants to. And of course there is the right to demonstrate. And people should be protected in that right too.

But I want to call to your attention that the right to demonstrate in all cases is limited by the fact if there is any clear and present danger that demonstration will incite public disorder, it is unlawful. And of course a situation of this kind could bring about that kind of condition in one community and not in another.

Now we have applied that rule. I called on our sheriffs to apply it two years ago against the Ku Klux Klan while they were planning a perfectly lawful demonstration under normal circumstances.

The information we had about the way they were going to conduct that, I felt would incite disorder. And so we called upon the sheriffs to prevent demonstrations of that sort. And they did . . . .

I'M amazed at how different people react differently in this particular area. My own mother and father, I found the other day, don't fully agree on how they feel about race relations. I know my own wife and I have disagreements from time to time about race relations.

And so far as I am personally concerned, I don't mind saying that I think if a man has a department store and he invites the public generally to come into his department store and trade, I think then it is unfair and morally wrong to single out one department though and say he does not want or will not allow Negroes to patronize that one department.

Now he has the legal right to do that, but I still don't think that he can square that right with moral, simple justice. Now you may not agree with that.

Strange things develop in respect to these relations. We have a department store there at home, for example, that has a counter where ladies go and buy patterns. Well, white and colored women have been seated side by side buying patterns at that counter for twenty years.

Our banks in Tallahassee—I think everywhere else—have no discriminations whatever in respect to what windows their customers will use. One of our banks has recently initiated a program of serving coffee to all of its customers between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. And that service is provided without discrimination and there's no special place to sit because that institution feels an obligation to treat all of its customers alike . . . .

NOW none of us have all the answers to this situation, friends. I think all of us are part right and part wrong. We must have more tolerance, more understanding, more Christianity, less words and less demonstrations, I think, if we are going to find the answer ultimately.

I went to church this morning and was amazed that the Scripture—the Gospel—for the third Sunday in Lent which the minister read includes this:

"These words from the Master. 'But He knowing their thoughts said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and a house divided against a house falls.'"

How appropriate that Scripture was to me on this day, because I firmly believe, as I hope you will, that every state divided against itself, every city divided against itself, every nation divided against itself is bound to come to desolation.

Now that is true for many reasons, because when there is division there is suspicion, there is fear, there is distrust, and ultimately there is hate. And hate consumes and destroys....

FRIENDS, we've got mobs beginning to form now in this nation, in this Southland, and in this state. The time requires intelligent, careful, thorough study of big problems and the reaching of solutions that are going to be reasonable and sound and that make good sense. We cannot let this matter and these issues be decided by the mob, whether they are made up of white people or whether they are made up of colored people.

And we in this state have this sort of situation. We have extremists on one side and we have extremists on the other. We've got this mob shouting here. We've got mobs shouting there.

But where are the people in the middle? Why aren't they talking? Why aren't they working? They must start efforts that are going to bring about solutions if we are going to get over these problems and these troubles and keep growing as our state should grow. . . .

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Khrushchev's Favorite Trip

MAX FRANKEL

Moscow

When Premier Khrushchev returns from his visit with de Gaulle he will talk—as he talked on returning from Southeast Asia, from Hungary and from China, from a Yalta rest and a walk in the woods—of his trip to the United States.

He will recall and his entourage will celebrate the "historic" September day when Soviet banners simultaneously hit the moon and more romantic America. When he gets back from Paris they will still be showing *N. S. Khrushchev in America* in the movies and pushing *Face to Face with America* across the book counters. There will be an extra fillip in the campaign at summit time and again for the Eisenhower visit in June. Historic (never just grand or important), historic, historic. The word has already been enshrined at the Exhibition of the Achievements of the National Economy; it falls from the lips of every orator and creeps subtly into the gab of every garrulous cabbie.

Neither amusement nor flattery is intended. What Moscow and Khrushchev are celebrating with astounding persistence is not their discovery of America but America's discovery of them, the triumph of the traveling road show that hit the big time and is now playing in neighborhood theaters.

Do you see the country of Ford buying cars from Moscow? Comrades, do you hear the anguished cries about catching up with the Russians? Do you witness the neurotic debate over economic growth? Is not the western glacier adrift at last? Do not profit-hungry traders and headline-hunting politicians shout for peace and friendship with the Bolsheviki? Not bad, comrades!

Six valiant though unsuccessful hockey players at Squaw Valley could hardly taint the image of invincibility. If Eisenhower himself must come to Moscow now, who can afford to stay away? If a summit must now be climbed on thrice-rejected terms, what peaks cannot be scaled? Damn right it was historic.

"Not bad, comrades, not bad at all," is the way Khrushchev described his American journey to a Vladivostok crowd last fall. He began by chewing out the local party leaders for hastily stocking the stores to impress the returned traveler; there was no excuse for not having sufficient milk in Vladivostok pasture country or for fish shortages in a city on the sea. Then the premier went on with his reminiscences, recalling the "salvo after salvo in honor of our country and its peoples" from the American cannon.

"After the first salvo, I thought: 'This is to Karl Marx!'" said the jubilant premier. "A second salvo to Friedrich Engels! a third salvo to Vladimir Ilyich Lenin! a fourth salvo to its majesty the working class, the peoples of labor! . . .

"That was not bad, comrades, not bad at all."

And on returning from Asia early in March the premier began his report by reading his clippings from the United States. He especially liked a report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee suggesting that Soviet industry would overtake American production in fifteen to twenty years.

"Not badly said," said Mr. K.

". . . That the Soviet Union is the example for underdeveloped nations, that the loyalty of the Russian people to their government is increasing, that Moscow's military and economic potential will not affect the devotion of the Soviet leadership to the objective of the world Communist system . . ."

"Also not badly said," said Mr. K. "And let the United States ambassador testify that we do not always criticize statements by Americans. In this case, we welcome their utterances."

And who can say Russians can't read what Americans say? Since the historic visit Moscow has read whole texts—like these.

The Kremlin's History Assignment

There is ample evidence, of course, that the spotlights in America did not blind the traveling company. Here and there they looked around and saw much. They saw enough automobiles to merit a pledge from the premier here that Russians will some day draw cars from taxi pools, not burden themselves with automobiles that clog the streets and cannot be parked. They still report graciously about the cleanliness of American factories and about the way of life that is simply and euphemistically termed efficient service and public catering. They admired the ordinary Americans, anonymous farmers and workers and even some millionaires; the shame of it all is only that they lack a good system to which to harness their great talents and submit their fine works.

They tasted American freedom, too, but were not impressed. The chilly Los Angeles reception, they preferred to think, was more State

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Department scheming than freedom of worship. (San Francisco cheers, of course, were spontaneous tributes.) And surely all that free time on television and fine coverage in the press were the result of orders from the White House to treat the man from the moon nicely so that he will repay the President in kind.

The experience has left Mr. Khrushchev genuinely convinced of the ultimate Communist triumph and apparently still genuinely concerned about the "militarists" in American "ruling circles." But there is now also no question that the premier realizes the enormousness of the undertaking to surpass the American standard of living and appreciates the strong desire for peace at all levels in the United States.

And this is a happy discovery or confirmation. It leaves him full of hope that the potent American military position can be undermined so as to leave time for history, aided by gifted hands in the Kremlin, to decide the fate of the rival systems. That is why "coexistence" is a militant enough rallying cry and why General Eisenhower can now be acknowledged to be a man of peace.

In Mr. Khrushchev's mind there has always seemed to be a clear division of labor between the Kremlin and history. The Kremlin will make the world disarm while history converts it to the faith. The Kremlin will guard the established Communist neighborhood while history and its loyal agents undermine the other fellow's foundations. Thirteen days in America turned up nothing to challenge this simple, neat conception; it was a historic trip.

THERE HAVE APPEARED in print here since the trip an ever-mounting number of reminiscences and surveys of American life, all modeled to confirm the findings of the Khrushchev entourage: a country of talent, energy, wealth, and beauty; a people that admires the Soviet Union and peace, a people becoming impatient with the stodgy ways of capitalism, a people ripe for enlightenment and eager for deliverance. That's why musical Americans are saddened to have only four opera companies and why they are bitter about losing Carnegie Hall to the businessmen, write returning Soviet musicians. That's why enlightened Americans are really disillusioned about the havoc and crime the automobile has wrought, write economists. That's why efficient but corporation-bound scientists and engineers envy the total sweep of socialist planning, report returning engineers.

The Kremlin's assumed posture of invincibility astride destiny has worked at home and it is expected to work abroad to strengthen the loyal and to dishearten the doubtful. It works best in an atmosphere of normality, best created by the trusted tactics of controlled official cultural interchange, profitable trade, and popularly fronted political action.

It is for this that Nikita Khrushchev went to pave the way, to prove that Moscow threatens no one but just happens to bear bold ideas and

rockets, that Russians are human and don't eat babies, that they are eager to do business and prepared to let western freedom die of old age. What we have been reading in Moscow in the past seven months is essentially that Americans accept this image, that our politicians must enhance it or risk retribution at the polls, and that nations elsewhere must accept it or be out of step with the times. That is why in China Premier Khrushchev pleaded that no one rock the boat; even Nasser on the Israeli frontier, it is now said, must keep cool and let us wither.

While in America, the Khrushchev party was visibly impressed, too, by the attention Moscow's radio and newspapers enjoyed at home at the historic time. Although little that the premier was saying was new to Soviet ears, Russians followed every line and studied every available photograph. They enjoyed the spectacle—in part because it was set in the United States, the object of insatiable curiosity here, in part because it pitted their own plain-speaking envoy against fancily dressed titans.

Who Bowed?

Before he left for America, Premier Khrushchev received among many letters one from a Leningrad "intellectual" who said he had not cared much for the new leader when he first came to power. But everyone feels differently now, he wrote, and he just wanted to offer one piece of advice for the historic journey:

"What we want," said the anonymous admirer, "is that no son of a bitch should ever be able to say that you had supposedly been taken aback, had taken your cap off to the U.S.A.'s might, and that after this visit you were ready to go down on your knees before them." Mr. Khrushchev, of course, did not let his man down. And now he keeps touring, taller than ever before, letting no one forget the salvos in Washington. His voyage was historic because it enhanced his person and policies at home as well as abroad.

A large group of American policymakers who have succeeded John Foster Dulles wanted exactly that; it is what they wished for and expected when they persuaded President Eisenhower to invite the Soviet leader.

Their theory is that in the entire Communist world, in all Soviet history and in all the foreseeable Soviet future, there is no better hope for East-West peace than Nikita Khrushchev. They do not minimize Berlin or exaggerate the hopes for early disarmament. But they believe Khrushchev wants to teach Russia the blessings of normality, to inhibit uncertainty at home and military danger abroad, thereby possibly setting the stage for the limited agreement both sides seem to want to avoid stumbling into war.

The fight for mankind's loyalty and history's verdict would then continue, by other means.

This is the operative western theory, and there seem to be no regrets among the builders of the platform on which the Communists now dance.

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The Noose Around Israel

WILLIAM S. ELLIS

BEIRUT

ON A NARROW, sun-washed street just off the Bay of St. George, in Beirut, a wealthy Palestinian refugee dismissed his chauffeur and climbed two flights of stairs in a dumpy, gray-white building. Entering the office from which he directs a successful retail-furniture and household-appliance business, he deposited a string of clear blue prayer beads on the desk and then adjusted a glass-framed sign on one of the walls.

Its single line of characters looked like an advanced mathematical formula, but in Arabic it expressed the Arab world's major weapon against Israel: "The noose gets tighter and tighter and tighter. . . ."

"I won't take that sign down until I'm able to return to my home in Palestine," the furniture dealer said.

The strands of the hanging rope are clearly marked—Lebanon, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Republic, and Iraq; in short, the nations of the Arab Middle East. The noose has been tied by nations noted for their bickering. The long end of the rope is in the hands of the Arab League's Boycott Israel office, and there the standing order is "Pull, pull, pull." Israel admits that the rope is being drawn tighter day by day.

Flushed with success, the boycott office decided some time ago to widen its activities. It did so with ostentatious bluff and bluster, but the Arabs seemed to be making headway when the U.S. Navy began to penalize tankers under contract to supply it with fuel for any delays caused by their being held up by the Arabs for having called at Israeli ports—thus effectively discouraging such calls. Recently the Navy has rescinded this clause in its contracts.

As much as U.A.R. President Nasser likes to boast of the military strength of his forces in Egypt and the First Army in the Syrian region, he knows full well that intra-League rivalries tend to undermine it.

In any case, the economic blockade has done what two Arab armies failed to do: strike hard and effectively at small, enemy-locked Israel. It is not possible to gauge the damage of the boycott to Israel's economic development, but a conservative estimate would be many million dollars.

From central headquarters in Damascus, Dr. Karim Aidi, general commissioner of the boycott, directs the operation. Driven by a dedication bordering on fanaticism, Dr. Aidi considers everything from ships to movie stars fair game. He plays no favorites, and when it comes to tackling such giants as Internationa

tional Business Machines, he goes about his business unimpressed by the company's reputation in American financial pages.

IBM was, in fact, placed on the boycott list in February. That same day another American firm, Helena Rubinstein, was told that it also was banned from selling its products in Arab countries. The reason given for both actions: "Violating the Arab Boycott-Israel regulations," which could mean anything from Thomas Watson, Jr., having lunch with Premier Ben-Gurion to a performer at an Israel bond rally wearing a certain type of lipstick.

Profit or Loss

The action, while seemingly harmful only to the companies, usually follows a course reserved for Arab winners in the race for influence between Zionism and Nasserism. IBM, it is figured, will have to look to its books and start tallying the figures. If more typewriters and calculating machines are sold in Israel than in the U.A.R., Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia combined, then the boycott might gather dust in the bluff and bluster file. But if the reverse is true—as it usually is—the company will either have to abide by the boycott rules or lose money. Arab officials like to believe that IBM is a concern more dedicated to sound business habits than to a national Jewish homeland.

France's government-owned Renault automobile company turned to its books after the boycott struck and found that from an economic standpoint, it was better to mollify the Arab states. In 1955 Renault had signed a three-year contract with the Kaiser-Frazer company for the assembly of its cars in Israel. Notice of cancellation of the pact was given in September, 1958, according to Renault's President Pierre Dreyfus. Dreyfus said the decision to stop assembly operations in Haifa was "strictly business." He added that the Arab boycott was "a consideration." Renault agreed to abide by the boycott rules and the ban was lifted.

In Israel, meanwhile, Efraim Ilin, chairman of Israeli Kaiser-Frazer, was preparing to bring suit for two million dollars against Renault, charging breach of contract. Even if judgment is awarded it may well be that Renault will still stand to gain, for the basic fact in the matter is this: In four years Renault sold fewer than four thousand cars in Israel, while in Lebanon alone sales of cars just for private use average more than three hundred a month. "The decision by Renault," said Nadim Hallak, chairman of the boycott office in Beirut, "represents a major victory for Arab countries and for the idea of the boycott."

THE BOYCOTT covers the high seas, too. Hardly a day goes by when the Arab press fails to carry lists of freighters newly assigned to the fleet of the banned.

The classic case of shipping boycott is, of course, the *Inge Toft*. The Danish freighter has sailed now, but not before it lay moored in the inner basin of Port Said for nine months. The vessel's cargo of potash, cement, and copper, which was taken aboard at Haifa last May, was unloaded. The boycott office again

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sounded its victory yell, and Egyptians, watching the ship slip out of the basin, laughed and pointed at the seaweed and barnacles clinging to the hull.

Rules for getting on the shipping blacklist—and getting off it—have been drafted so as to give the captain or the ship's agent several choices of action. Full blacklist membership is available, along with "half blacklist" membership. Finally, there are the rules to be followed if a ship wishes to move from full blacklist to half blacklist, and from both to a ban-free status.

A vessel is placed on the blacklist if it:

¶ Carries material to be used to strengthen the "Israeli war effort."

¶ Calls at an Israeli port and at an Arab port during the same voyage. This does not apply to ships carrying passengers only, in which case the vessel has to call at the Arab port first and furnish the regional boycott office a complete statement of arrival and departure times at the ports.

¶ Is chartered by Israeli companies or organizations (this was the case with the *Inge Toft*).

¶ Carries immigrants to Israel.

¶ Had originally been of Israeli nationality and was sold to another country (such a vessel has no hope of ever getting off the blacklist).

¶ Carries Israeli industrial, agricultural, and commercial products.

¶ Refuses to submit within fifteen days the certificates and manifests requested in respect of previous voyages.

There is one other method of getting on the full blacklist, and that is by infringing the rules for the second time after removal from the list. There is no third chance.

To be placed on the half blacklist, it is necessary for the vessel's agent to submit a statement to the effect that infringement of the boycott rules will not occur again. Freedom from both lists comes when the agent promises the ship will never deal with Israel again.

Penalties for breaking the rules include depriving the ship from loading, discharging, and bunkering, and from taking on water supplies and other provisions. No member of the crew is allowed to disembark at any Arab port, and the vessel is not allowed to take on crew members at Arab ports. Ships on the half blacklist are given just enough provisions to allow them to continue to the next port of call.

With an average of fifty-one ships passing through the Suez Canal each day, the boycott office is aware that the vessel blacklist is the nuclear weapon in its anti-Israel economic arsenal. "No matter how hard Hammarsjköld tries to convince Nasser that the Suez Canal should be isolated from politics, the boycott will continue, and Israeli cargoes will not pass," a high-ranking official of the Lebanon government said.

Nasser himself reconfirmed his stand on Suez during his visit to the Syrian region of the U.A.R. in mid-February. He asserted that not only would the ships be stopped but that the cargoes would be confiscated and donated to Palestinian refugees.

Miss Monroe Is Taboo

Back on land, Arabs, who like movies almost as much as they do soda pop, are finding one activity of the boycott office extremely annoying. More and more film stars are being placed on the blacklist, and as a result, theater owners are finding their choice of presentations being narrowed down to bad Egyptian films starring, more often than not, an ex-girl friend of Farouk, and productions from Russia that the Peking government would call "films representing a step forward."

Elizabeth Taylor is banned, and the boycott office is not impressed by the fact that she has been named to star in *Cleopatra*. Films featuring Danny Kaye can no longer be shown in Arab states. The list stretches on and on—Edward G. Robinson, Eddie Fisher, Marilyn Monroe (and she was a big favorite with the Arabs), Jerry Lewis.

Most of the stars were banned for participating in rallies for the sale of Israel bonds. In the case of Louis Armstrong, it was first reported that he had been banned because he was "a spy for Israel." When the absurdity of the allegation finally struck home, the reason was altered to read "aiding the cause of Zionism." What had actually happened was that Armstrong had simply performed in Israel.

Ben Hur will not be shown in Beirut or in any other Arab city. The reason: Haya Harareet, who once won the title of Miss Israel, has a role in the production.

When asked what he thought about the film ban, Spyros Skouras, president of Twentieth Century-Fox, who was in Beirut recently, said, "Well, I'm against mixing art and politics." The ironic thing is that the majority of Arabs, especially those living in Lebanon, agree with him.

Lebanon is regarded as the weak sister in the anti-Israel boycott campaign. The government denies that, of course, but there were many red faces when Monaheem Saadi, a Beirut merchant, was arrested for importing a brand of watches made by a blacklisted factory. And then there was the time, late last year, when 256 Italian motor scooters made by a factory that deals with Israel were seized in Beirut.

When the ban against Danny Kaye was announced, a theater owner in Beirut, who was showing a Kaye film at the time, took the position that the ban "doesn't become effective until our schedule calls for a change of films."

Beirut blushed again recently, but this time it was because of a bit of anti-Israel strategy seemingly calculated to evoke disgust. Even the boycott office forbore to take credit for the action. An apparatus for artificial breathing had been shipped from New York to Israel. Before it left New York, however, a Lebanese official in the United States (the government was careful not to reveal his name) somehow convinced the shippers that the apparatus was to be channeled through Beirut. When it got to the Lebanese capital it was, of course, confiscated.

Two young men who work as translators for a newspaper in Beirut were discussing the matter the day after the confiscation was announced. One, a Lebanese from a village near Tripoli, said, "We certainly have nothing to be proud of as far as this is concerned." The other translator is a Palestinian refugee. He said: "In war, everything is fair game."

The two remarks tell the whole story of the boycott simply and briefly.

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The Other John F. Kennedy

JACK BURBY

BOSTON

FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS, Massachusetts Democrats have amused themselves in the slack seasons between elections with a collection of political jokes about their two John F. Kennedys. The point of the stories is that although the two Kennedys have nothing in common, the poor voters can't tell them apart.

One of the Kennedys is John Fitzgerald. He is young and rich and went to Choate and Harvard. The other is John Francis. He is middle-aged and poor and went to Bigelow Evening Grammar School and South Boston Evening High School. One is a United States senator and has won a Pulitzer Prize for historical writing. The other is treasurer and receiver-general of Massachusetts. He has written a book on whist that nobody will publish.

The stories in the Kennedy collection all run pretty much like the one about two matronly volunteers in a Democratic Party office on election day, 1954. When they came back to work after voting, someone heard them puzzling over the fact that John F. Kennedy was back on the ballot as a candidate for treasurer just two years after he had been sent to the Senate.

"I don't know why the poor dear needs two jobs, with his father's money and all," said one, "but I wouldn't turn him down for the world."

"It was too sad," said the other, "and the poor lamb laid up with his bad back and not able to vote for himself."

The stories have been generally regarded as harmless, except among A.D.A. chaps who have brooded about the lack of party responsibility and the implications for democracy. Nearly everybody else has laughed the whole thing off. Lately, however, the laughter has become a little forced. It turns out that the voters were indeed confused the first time they elected John Francis Kennedy, but a good many voted him back into office twice on his own merits. It turns out also that Treasurer John F. Kennedy wants to be governor; a lot of smart politicians think he just might make it.

The party will choose its official candidate in a convention on June 11, but the final choice will be up to the voters in a primary next September 13. A great deal of course depends on what Governor Foster Furcolo decides to do, but one candidate for the party's endorsement, Congressman Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill, has already withdrawn from the race. His private polls showed Kennedy running far ahead of all other Democrats. State Chairman John Carr is also convinced that Kennedy must be taken seriously. "He's home free," Carr remarked recently. "He has no money and no backing. With a name like that, who needs money?"

Wide World

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kennedy

Carr is in the advanced stages of pessimism, but even party optimists cannot count Kennedy out. "He has done everything wrong," says one of Boston's most astute politicians. "The first thing he did after he was elected in '54 was tell a newspaperman he wasn't a churchgoing Catholic. He said he never got the habit because when he was a boy his family was too poor to buy him a pair of Sunday shoes; you know what it got him? An Abe Lincoln image."

Kennedy has earned some of the image. He carries his lunch up Beacon Hill to his office in a brown paper bag every day and eats it on Boston Common when the sun is warm. Once he held up a transfer of state land to a new port authority until he could "talk it over with the little woman." But much of his reputation is owed to luck and the selective memory of the electorate.

He Beat the Pols

Kennedy had spent eighteen years working up to a $1.96-an-hour job as stockroom boss at Gillette Safety Razor. It's a formidable jump from boss of a stockroom to writing checks, buying insurance, investing surplus funds, and borrowing cash for a state whose budget last year was three-quarters of a billion dollars. A few weeks after his election, he hired his brother James as a driver-guard and then promoted him to third deputy treasurer. "I needed somebody in here I could trust," he explained. But the governor's council refused to confirm James's appointment and Kennedy accused the councilors of rejecting his brother because he was a common man. He said James was as good as any of them and could prove it in an intelligence test. For some reason, one councilor accepted the challenge to match wits with James and lost. Boston University announced that James had a "superior" mind. The voters remember none of the nepotism involved—only that "Kennedy beat the pols who were pushing him around."

That sort of thing may be flimsy material for building an image, but it is about all the voters had to work with. Treasurer Kennedy will have no truck with opinion polls, TV spots, billboards, pamphlets, Committees For, newspaper ads, or platforms. If a voter wants to know what Kennedy stands for, he must ask him. I did.

He favors "economy and efficiency in government" and believes that education is "the best investment a taxpayer can make." He would "throw the full force of the governor's office" into settlement of labor disputes. He does not believe in promises. "Everybody knows the

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legislature can stop a governor's program. All I can say is that I will try."

The only thing Kennedy opposes with vigor is politics. "The trouble with politicians is, they want to organize," he says solemnly. "First they want a headquarters. Then they want a sign on it. Then they need money to pay for it. First thing you know, you are taking orders from the big contributors."

Kennedy's one television appearance during his six years in office is described by party regulars as "pathetic." Appearing with his opponent, he said, "I have been treasurer for two years. I think I do a good job. If you think he can do better, you should vote for him."

As treasurer, Kennedy turns the valves that regulate the in-and-out flow of state funds, and even the good gray brokers of Boston's financial district concede, with an air of bewilderment, that he has done a good job. He tries to time his bond issues for low interest, instead of throwing them on the market at random and paying the going rate. Where other treasurers have let surplus state funds lie idle, he has invested them to provide extra income for the state, all without a trace of scandal. In many state governments these are routine operations, but as one well-qualified informant told me, "Kennedy has taken a forceful position rather amazing to see in our treasurer's office."

Orderly Mice, Sloppy Cats

Probably the most frustrating thing about Kennedy's success for the politicians of Massachusetts is that they asked for it. The late James M. Curley set the style for politics in the Bay State nearly fifty years ago by breaking up the ward organizations and replacing them with a personal following that ate up his menu of class struggle and circuses. The progressive do-gooders consolidated Curley's power by making "party" a dirty word. Politics in Massachusetts has become a trade, like undertaking or arc welding. Free enterprise is the fashion, and party attempts to pick candidates in a pre-primary convention are regarded as violations of a sort of political fair employment practices law. Even Senator Kennedy and Governor Furcolo go along with the party only when it suits them.

The party plucks victory out of such chaos simply because there are so many Democrats. Boston is fifty-five per cent Irish and seventy per cent Catholic, and its registered Democrats outnumber Republicans by 220,000 to 35,000. Massachusetts Republicans are much better disciplined and now use the pre-primary convention to inject ethnic balance into a ticket that, as late as 1946, read like a Mayflower passenger list. But this is like sending orderly mice into a room full of sloppy cats. It's still no contest.

With the free-enterprising approach to the ballot, an Irish name is a Democrat's best friend. Sometimes there are as many as seven Irishmen jockeying for the Democratic nomination to one state office. One worthy Boston politician with a Polish name changed it to Foley and ran a respectable race for the city council. In 1956, the desperate party-endorsed challenger for Treasurer Kennedy's job pushed an unknown cab driver named John M. Kennedy onto the primary ballot. The cab driver got forty-three thousand votes.

Treasurer Kennedy discovered the gold in his name in a Sunday newspaper in 1952. The newspaper gave a brief history of the treasurer's office, which over the years had passed from a Charles Hurley to a William Hurley to a Francis Hurley to a John Hurley. The last Hurley had resigned to accept a lifetime court job, leaving the treasurer's office for Foster Furcolo, who was being groomed for governor. The newspaper story said that a fifth Hurley intended to enter the primary against Furcolo in hopes of restoring the proper line of succession to the office.

"I thought, 'Aha, so that's how they do it,'" says Kennedy. "Then I got to thinking if it's all in the name, mine ought to do just fine."

Kennedy passed out petitions at Gillette and spent his three-week vacation plodding through five counties around Boston, gathering signatures of registered voters. He qualified for the ballot with 3,100 good names and ran second in a field of seven. The next year, Furcolo abandoned the office to prepare for his 1956 campaign as governor. Kennedy collected signatures again, bought $10.50 worth of bumper stickers, went to "three or four rallies," and beat the official Democratic candidate by thirteen thousand votes.

'It's Uncanny'

In Massachusetts, the constitution limits the treasurer to three terms, a holdover from colonial days when there was no auditor and it was considered cruel to expose a man to temptation for more than six years. In most states, that limit would mean the end for Kennedy. He has done a good job as treasurer, but he probably would be considered a voters' pet to be tolerated only as long as he kept his place in the rather anonymous regions of the minor offices on a long ballot. The best he could hope for would be a framed picture on the wall of the treasurer's office among the Hurleys and his old job back at Gillette.

But in Massachusetts, Kennedy has weak party organization and a lot of disenchanted voters going for him. One depth survey has found that John Francis Kennedy is in his own right one of the best-known Democrats in the state. It shows his image to be exactly what he has said it is. As one of my informants put it: "People can tell you he was a stock clerk and that he ran into trouble with the pols and beat them. He has built up his following as an underdog. It's uncanny."

Another shrewd political observer says Kennedy will get three kinds of votes. "Some will think he's the real John Kennedy. They'll go in to vote for a congressman or something and they'll see Kennedy's name and mark it just for luck. Then he'll get votes from the people who know who he is and like him. But the vote to watch is the grudge vote, the smart guys who go in just to tip over the party for the hell of it."

Democrats still shudder over the 1952 election and the long faces on some of the grudge voters when a Republican named Christian A. Herter was elected governor. "Sure, I voted against Dever," was a common remark, "but I didn't think the bum would *lose*!"

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Waters Strong and Many

ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

High on a wild plateau near Bié, in the Huambo district of central Angola, rise two mighty rivers, the Kwito and the Okovango. They wind side by side south and east a thousand miles through vast and stony wilderness, boiling in rapids through soft limestone gorges, until they meet and flow together at a place called Dirico, where the Okovango forms the border between Angola and South-West Africa. From Dirico the Okovango goes on alone, enlarged by the waters of the Kwito, and is slow and deep, sometimes so wide that the opposite shore appears as a green mass on the horizon.

The land beside the river is fertile and the banks are like a jungle with palm trees and fruit trees, with lilies and bulrushes and little wild petunias, and jointed elephant grass that looks like bamboo.

In some places the river seems to be a green field of papyrus, an appearance that has deceived people who thought it was solid and fell through and drowned. It is the same wild, tufted papyrus that choked the Nile and the rivers of the Bible, the same papyrus that was first made into paper by the people of the Euphrates in the fourth century B.C. It is also used by the Mbukushu, a Bantu people who live by the river, who weave papyrus into thatches, use papyrus clumps as little rafts, and sometimes eat the roots.

The river is a refuge for life in the wastes of the desert, and there are great numbers of animals along its banks. There are elephants and buffalo, there are monkeys and leopards in the trees, and thousands of insects and birds. Reed bucks and rats and birds with big feet live on the papyrus islands. Crocodiles live in caves under the banks. As there are very few people to molest them the crocodiles grow to enormous size, and lie sunning themselves on rocks in the hot sun of noon, relaxed, fat, with their mouths open in sinister smiles as they let their teeth be picked by little egrets. In the afternoon and evening the crocodiles hunt, swimming under the muddy water where trees overhang the banks; at night, when the moon shines on the river and the water is warm and pale, the crocodiles rise to the surface and call to each other with hollow, booming cries.

Hippos also live in the river, and are also active at night. They grunt and snort like giant pigs, and splash around busily with the moonlight shining on their naked backs. The Mbukushu are afraid of hippos; they say that hippos bite people and viciously overturn canoes. The Mbukushu also say that hippos are beloved by the river, and when a cold wind blows from the river at night the people know that a hippo has died and the river is searching for it.

The Okovango is one of the few rivers of the world that do not flow eventually to the sea, for it ends in its own marshes. There, some of its water sinks into the earth to run off in unknown underground streams, but most of its water evaporates. The river was discovered to Europeans in 1859 by Charles John Andersson, a Swedish explorer who, after months of lonely travel in the desert, first saw the river as a dark blue line on the horizon. He had not suspected that a river was there, but when he reached it he found it so big that he could hardly see across. "A cry of joy and satisfaction escaped me at this glorious sight," he wrote of his experience.

Andersson did not explore to the source of the Okovango, or to the marshes where it is received. But in Andersson's time the water system of the Okovango was considerably larger than it is now. There was a continual flow of water from the marshes into a vast lake called Ngami, and from there down the River Botletle to the Makarikari Swamps, which are almost at the border of Southern Rhodesia.

When Livingstone discovered Lake Ngami in 1849, the lake was full of water. It measured two hundred square miles, and reached to the foot of the Matabele Hills. There were hippos in it, and flamingos, frogs and oarbugs and weeds. Rightly did Livingstone call it a "fine-looking sheet of water."

Only a few years later, the climate of South Africa became a little drier. First, the Makarikari Swamps dried and became the Makarikari Pans. Then the River Botletle became a dusty path, and at last, shrinking Lake Ngami became a salt flat. For almost a century the great Okovango evaporated from its marshes while the lake bed was crossed by whirlwinds and was a desolate place. But in 1955, after a season of very heavy rains, the marshes flooded over and the lake was filled again. I saw it myself then, full for the first time since its discovery, and it was once again a paradise in the desert, a paradise of shining, weed-filled water, only a few feet deep.

We were an anthropological expedition camped south of the Okovango in the Kalahari Desert. Just before New Year's Eve, at the start of the rainy season, when travel in our part of the desert would have

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been impossible because of the mud, we moved to a track that ran parallel to the river though several miles south, a track that was two ruts through the desert sand and grass and was used by the great convoys of trucks of the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association. This company, which is called Winella,

recruits Bantu men in all the distant parts of South Africa and brings them to work in South Africa's factories, farms, and mines. Bantu men take the jobs to support their families and also to raise lobola, the bride price of money or cattle still demanded by a girl's parents to ensure her well-being when she marries. It is a lonely way to pay a bride price, for the young men are away for a year and a half. Once, in Ovamboland, where most of the men who passed our camp had come from, we met a girl whose young husband, just after they were married, had gone to work in the mines. He had been educated and could write, and before he had left her for a year and a half, to mark her his own forever he had carved his name, Joseph, in the flesh of her arm.

After the year and a half is over, the men are brought back to their own lands by the Winella convoys. We camped at a Bantu kraal beside a water hole on the Winella track, and every two weeks the convoy would come through to camp for the night at the water hole. First the convoy would come from the west, from Ovamboland, filled with recruits. Two days later the convoy would come back from the Bechuanaland Protectorate, filled with men coming home. In two weeks it would come from the west again. The four or five trucks of the convoy would always arrive late at night, and always on Tuesdays or Thursdays. We could hear the convoy come from afar; we could hear the slow firing of the Diesels and the scream of the exhausts, and above these noises we could hear the men singing, singing, as they sat crowded together like soldiers in the backs of the jolting trucks, and the songs were the stirring Bantu music of the western tribes, in two or three parts, apparent even from far away.

The trucks came very fast. A short time after we first heard them we would see their lights on the dark road and they would be upon us, the trucks pulled up to form a square as a protection from lions, and the veld filled with the huge Bantu miners groping in the dark for firewood.

A group of these tall miners came upon me once when I was walking down the dark path from the kraal. "There's a European!" said one in Ovambo. But I could speak a few words of Ovambo and I said "Good evening."

"Ho," said the tall miners, and in the starlight I could see them bow.

One of them spoke English. "Are you English?" he asked.

"No, we're Americans," I said.

"Americans from Johannesburg?"

"No, Americans from America."

"I'm an Ovambo," he said. "From Ovamboland."

The miners would cook a caldron of corn meal for themselves and then sleep on the ground, wrapped in their tattered clothes and ragged blankets, and in the morning, even before dawn, would start up the Diesels and drive away. One morning as they left they sang a song in English. The song had heavy, hymn-like, minor music, but the words were these:

"We are a happy
And a jolly
When we swim like fishie
in the water.
We are a happy
And a jolly
Today."

AFTER THE RAINS had ended and the drought had started again, when we felt the need of a short vacation from the desert, we followed the Winella track east to Lake Ngami, then back to the Okovango. A river is a precious thing in a desert country where the rainfall, though heavy, collects nowhere and even water holes are few. Some of the wild animals were moving from the desert to the river; we found their spoors on the Winella road. When we reached the river we found it swollen and huge, and it seemed like the Jordan, which in the harvest season following the rains "overfloweth all his banks." We saw the Okovango in one of its brief flood periods. Since then the rains have not been so heavy and again a drought has gripped vast areas of South-West Africa. Today hundreds of people in Ovamboland are dying of thirst, the area is closed to visitors, and even if all the trucks of South Africa were used to carry water they could not bring enough to give everyone relief.

But that year the river was beautiful, and when we stood on its bank we could smell the water and hear the wind blow in the papyrus leaves. It was a wild place, and we traveled a day along the bank before we came to a very small town.

There are few European settlements on the Okovango, although there are several large Bantu towns and many Bantu villages. Europeans

go to the river only if they are in some way concerned with Bantu life, either as administrators or missionaries, usually medical missionaries, or labor recruiters from the Winella Company, or traders who sell to the Bantu men returning from the mines. The town we went to had four European families and could properly be called a town because, besides the four European houses, it had a post office, a short-wave broadcasting station, and a store. It was called Shakawe, and was the headquarters of the Winella Company for the area.

No sooner did we arrive than a group of Bantu people informed our Bantu staff that on the previous day a hippo had killed a woman. A hippo climbed out of the river, so the people said, and walked quite a way out into the veld. It must have been sick, for it lay down to sleep under a tree. The people of a nearby

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Bantu village came out to see it. Among them was an old woman who, though she had lived all her life by the river, had never seen a hippo before, and she went too close to it to look into its face. The hippo jumped to its feet and bit the old woman so savagely that she died, and then the hippo ran back to the river, to vanish under the reeds.

We stayed at Shakawe as the guests of Mr. C. J. Mathias, who was the area director of Winella. He lives alone overlooking the river in a bungalow surrounded by a sort of hedge of banana leaves, each ragged leaf almost ten feet high. He was away when we arrived, so we camped on his floor. When he came home the following day he took us for a ride in a power launch owned by the Winella Company, used to collect recruits from Angola. It is the only power boat on the Okovango, and except for two rafts is the only way to cross the river unless you ride in a *makora,* a dugout canoe. Mr. Mathias was about to leave for a recruiting station on the far side of the swamps, at a place called Chief's Island, near the Angola border. Winella is not allowed to recruit labor in Angola, but if any Bantu people from Angola care to come to Chief's Island, they can be recruited there.

We rode in the boat all morning, and in the afternoon we reached the swamp where the channel ran between papyrus islands, and because the islands are always breaking apart and the main stream changing, everyone knew the direction we should be taking but no one knew the way. All afternoon we passed the beautiful, feathery papyrus which waved out over the main stream in tufted fronds like the fronds in the hands of Pharaohs, and we saw many white birds and some crocodiles but no hippos, and heard no sound but the motor. It was too hot even for birds to sing. That night we camped on an island in the depth of the swamp. We slept on the ground in a host of mosquitoes, and the air was heavy and close. I was afraid that a hippo would step on us as we lay on the ground, or bite us as one had bitten the old woman. A hippo did bump the boat in the middle of the night,

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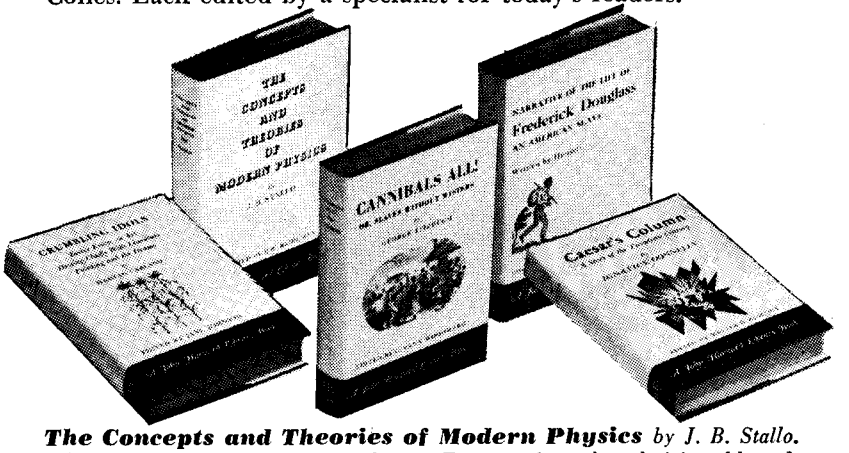

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and must have been hurt, for it grunted and grunted again, it was so annoyed.

In the morning we reached the recruiting station on Chief's Island. The station was an empty clearing surrounded by lemon trees. No one was there; recruits had not come in on their paths through the swamp and jungle, and we left soon, and got back to Shakawe at dark. The next day we got into our trucks and followed up the river on our way to a place called Andara.

WHEN Andersson first came to the Okovango, he approached from the south and journeyed up a dry, shallow valley called the Omataka Omaramba. The Omataka runs right to the Okovango, where the *omaramba* and the river are divided by a sort of natural dam. There is a naïve belief held by some white South Africans that this dam was made by the Queen of Sheba. In the Omataka the desert sand was less deep, less heavy, and Andersson's oxen did not have to pull as hard as they would have on the high ground. His route was followed later by many famous explorers and ivory hunters. It was followed in the early part of this century by two German Oblate priests who came with an ox wagon to found a mission. They were sent by Father Gotthardt, now Archbishop of South-West Africa, and they did found a mission at Andara, the first mission or settlement on the Okovango River. But the two priests died in the veld the year they came, and no grave, no trace of them was ever found, and no one could say what happened to them.

Today there is a mission at Andara, and three Catholic missions at three other places on the river. The first night out of Shakawe we slept in the bush and on the second day we saw the spire of the Andara mission rising among the tropical trees. It was a red-tiled spire with a bell in it, and it looked for all the world like the spire of a little German town. The mission itself was as neat and cozy as a farmyard. There were vegetable gardens and a grape arbor and a few fruit trees. There were white chickens being herded by a very young Bantu child. Nothing about the mission showed a yielding to the wilderness; in fact the mission had brought the wilderness to its knees. When one looked closely one could see that the buildings were of river-mud plaster, though painted white, and the neat fence around the garden was of papyrus reeds. The priests and the nuns came out to greet us, apologizing for their work clothes, for we had surprised them on a busy Friday afternoon. We were told, when we sat down at a table with Father Froelich, head of the mission, that only the bell had been brought from Germany. It had been sent to Andara by ox wagon years ago. We were served beer that had been brewed at the mission, even the hops raised in the alien Okovango ground.

There were two priests, two nuns, and two brothers at Andara. They were missionaries to the Mbukushu. Many of the Mbukushu sent their

children to the mission school, where the children received instruction in their own language and also in English, German, and Afrikaans. Two of the young Mbukushu girls had become novices and worked with the nuns at the mission. Below their blue habits we could see their strong bare feet.

After our glass of beer Father Froelich led us down a lane to the river. The people who live by the river always take you for a ride upon it. To us, this was a most welcome form of hospitality. Father Froelich took us for a ride in a dugout poled by three old Mbukushu men to an island in the center of the main stream. On the way the canoe passed under the branches of a wild plum tree that was dropping its fruit on the river. We ate some of the plums. On the far side of the island were rapids where once, said Father Froelich, a young Bantu woman was executed by her chief. It was the last execution by Bantu law in the area. The young woman had stolen food, for which she had been thrown into the river with her wrists bound together. But she had swum with her shoulders and had survived the rapids, only to be dragged under by a crocodile in the pool below.

WHEN WE CAME BACK to the mission it was late afternoon. The others of our expedition went on to find a camping spot, although Father Froelich had invited us to spend the night. I waited behind at the invitation of one of the nuns, whose name was Sister Chrisantha. She was a German woman almost sixty years old, and she wanted to show me a grotto in the jungle which had been made when Andara first was built. It was a clearing on top of a steep hill, bordered all around with palm trees, where there was a little blue and white figure of Mary. A creeper had started to grow around the feet of Mary, and Sister Chrisantha pulled it away. At the bottom of the hill on one side lay the mission gardens, all tended and neat in their papyrus fences, and on the other side was the river and the pool where the young woman had died. Sister Chrisantha told me that a crocodile still lived there; she saw it sometimes when she was meditating in the grotto. We sat down on a bench. Sister Chrisantha told me that she had left Germany when she was only twenty-two, and upon joining the Benedictine Order had taken a vow of absence, so had never returned to her own country but had lived out her life in the wilderness of Africa. We sat for a long time in silence. She asked me if I had ever been to Germany. I said I had not. "But you have seen pictures of Germany?" she asked.

"Oh yes," I said.

Sister Chrisantha sighed. "Ah, Germany; ah, Germany," she said.

A bell rang in the church below us. It was time for evening prayer. Sister Chrisantha went down the hill slowly, leaning on the little trees, her habit trailing, and left me in the grotto to watch for the crocodile. Presently I heard the voices of the two priests, the two nuns, and the two brothers singing a prayer, and the sound went out over the river to Angola, out over the jungle, until it was lost among the leaves.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle 6

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A. 20 156 45

Coomb, cirque, or corrie.

B. 154 119 61 73 33 95 68

Souped-up jalopies.

C. 110 129 86 31 57 6 132 107 60

"... The noble Brutus/Hath told you Caesar was_____;/ If it were so, it was a grievous fault..." -- Julius Caesar, III,ii,83.

D. 97 5 17 133 65 147

Able not Baker.

E. 142 91 84 74 117 125 69

"Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,/I lift my lamp beside the golden door." Author?

F. 118 121 120 38 19 139 35

To reveal by external tokens.

G. 89 100 10 28 1-32 59 40

Acrostician's alma mater.

H. 101 24 96 122 141 140 22 93 16 48 103 15 14 151 116

Magistrate or official for local region. (8,7)

I. 50 71 42 80 99 62 136 26

"Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among, I woo, to hear thy_____."
Milton, Il Penseroso, 1, 64.

J. 37 114 43 79 109

General.

K. 39 115 82 58 56 81

"Then at the balance, let's be mute,/ We never can_____it." Burns, Address to the Unco' Guid.

L. 18 12 77 36 76 66 131 145 41 124 78

In France it was called "le maquis".

M. 88 135 137 64 98 3 143 8

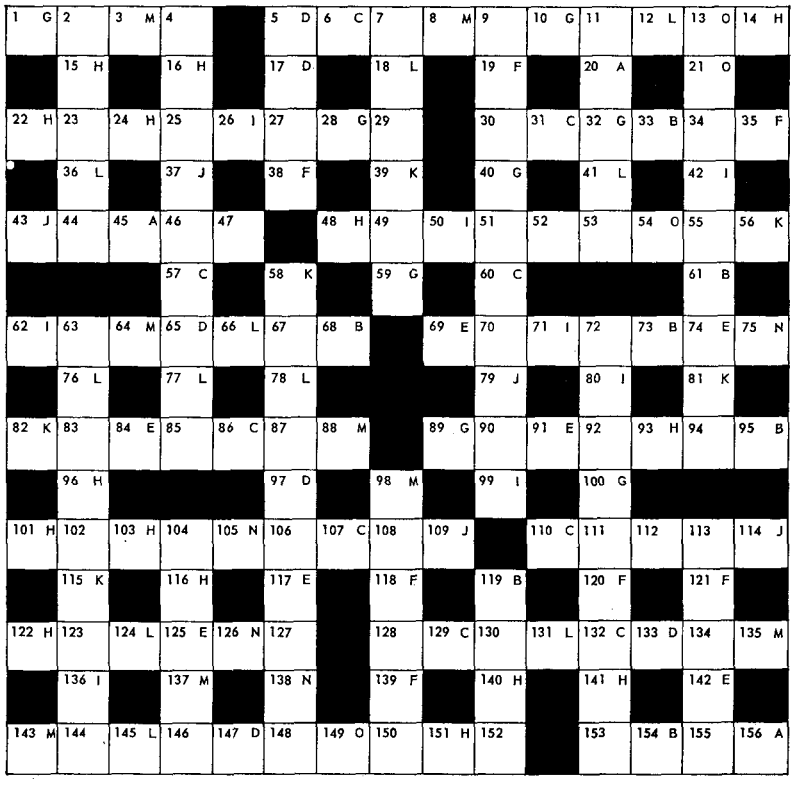
Support for a drunk.

N. 75 105 138 126

The upward pressure which the air exerts on a flying machine.

O. 54 149 13 21

Land of Thomas Campbell's exile.



ACROSS

1. Instrument for returning loot.
5. Crito in his acting mode.
22. Holding fast to what hidebound cows have before changed spirits.
30. I spot a hundred lace loops.
43. Dam it but let something in.
48. Sounds like a cleaner's advertisement for the fourth estate. (4,5)
62. Argues the point with Pop's gun.
69. Cut little Albert quite a few times.
82. A shameless woman was Ahab's wife.
89. Ted's art began this.
101. Six hundred and one fitful and not easy.
110. Prate more skillfully.
122. Held on to tune.
128. Rob a thousand in eastern lands for food fit for the gods.
143. Does one shout this to a through highway?
153. Strength in pitcher with ewer.

DOWN

2. Nothing I led to got potted.
4. I don't glue a line from pole to pole.
5. Beneficiary sounds like atmosphere.
7. Ray and Gus are sweet.
9. Gives again or acts for?
11. Happen to hear a dog apostrophized.
13. Taine on trial with no will.
58. Vault to trounce F.D.R.?
63. What Acrostician is as he would say after.
72. Part prone in harmony or accord, Acrostician might say.
98. Delight in couple as enthusiastic as I am.
104. Spirit in foot-pounds makes a woman dowdy.
113. Dura lex, i. e., to banish by law.
119. News of someone's death in a booth, when Noah wasn't there.

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A Master of the Moment

HILTON KRAMER

THE EXHIBITION called "Claude Monet: Seasons and Moments" at the Museum of Modern Art is without doubt the most pleasurable event ever mounted in that now venerable institution. Organized by Professor William C. Seitz of Princeton University, the show offers a dazzling selection of landscape and marine paintings by the artist whom everyone—admirers and hostile critics alike—acknowledged from the beginning as the principal votary of the impressionist style. There are 119 works in all, only a small fraction of Monet's copious output, of course—Professor Seitz estimates his lifetime *œuvre* to consist of more than three thousand works—but all the same an impressive and pointed summary of an artistic career that has been through some odd fluctuations in critical judgment. Of all the gifted painters who are known to us as impressionists, Monet is the one whose stature has proved most vulnerable to changes of public attitude toward the impressionist aesthetic itself. It scarcely needs saying that the presence of this magnificent survey at the Museum of Modern Art is, among other things, testimony to the high regard in which the impressionist style is held at the present moment.

That Monet should now be acknowledged as a master, and particularly on the basis of the late paintings—those executed between the 1890's and 1926, the year of his death at eighty-six—which form the core of the current exhibition, is a commentary on the extent to which the style of contemporary painting molds our taste for the art of the past. During the heyday of cubism and its influence, it was the art of Cézanne, with its rigorous formal power and its ambition to make something classic and immutable out of the ambiguous sensory data of impressionism, that was commonly recognized by artists and critics as the fulcrum of twentieth-century form. There was scarcely an important artist in Europe or America between the wars who regarded Monet as anything but an old-fashioned painter with nothing to contribute to the future of painting. The change came after the Second World War, when artists, particularly in New York, began systematically rejecting the rigorous but (so they felt) worn-out syntax of cubism in favor of a freer and more improvised style of painting. The results of this turn of events have been abundantly evident in the anarchic styles which came increasingly to dominate the painting of the 1950's, and it was this wave of taste that brought forth the current revival of interest in Monet and the radical revaluation of his late works, especially the water-lily paintings of 1916-1926. Renowned art historians like Sir Kenneth Clark and Lionello Venturi spoke for a generation in regarding these late works as an evidence of Monet's declining pow-

ers, but now artists and critics close to radical painting in Paris and New York—notably André Masson in France and Clement Greenberg in this country—have claimed the late Monets as precursors of a new style. In the summer of 1956, the Paris dealer Katia Granoff put on a major show of these late works, many of them abandoned in Monet's studio for decades as worthless, and it proved to be a sensation. The work was then shown that fall at Knoedler's in New York, and by the end of the year museums and astute collectors had snapped them up. In four years the market value of these late paintings has increased as much as five hundred per cent, and their influence on current painting has been equally inflationary.

It will be seen, then, that the Monet exhibition is far from being a disinterested survey of a master artist; it confirms, rather, a revision of critical taste that may now be seen as complete. Cézanne's authority as a progenitor of the modern movement has by no means been impaired by this change of taste, but for the moment he must share with Monet the peculiar glamour that attaches to an artist of the past whom current practitioners can look upon as a blood relation. And if the delinquent style of the 1950's needed an uncle to crown its success, what a handsome and gracious old gentleman he turns out to be! Rarely has so much that is beautiful been used to justify so much that is ugly.

PROFESSOR SEITZ has brought together the best of Monet's landscape art, and the exhibition is marked by an exemplary fidelity to the painter's outlook, which was essentially naturalistic. The essence of Monet's style lay in his great capacity to surrender his art and his whole personality to the visual, perceptual data of the moment—to base his art on a momentary glimpse of the natural world, and to make something not only lyrical but monumental out of ephemeral materials.

For this reason, notwithstanding the charm of the early pictures in the show, the climax of the exhibition comes in the great series pictures: those paintings of haystacks, of cathedrals, of London and Venice, and above all the paintings of the artist's water garden at Giverny, in which the same subject is treated again and again at different hours of the day and different times of the year. These paintings disclose the most extraordinary delicacy of perception and a virtuosity in the handling of paint on canvas that is equal to the subtlest and most minute changes in the visual atmosphere. Monet was the very opposite of those imperious masters who impose a uniform method on every subject. His paintings of Norway are blurry and snow-blind, his haystacks burn in the sun, the Ducal Palace at Venice imposes its majestic structure even as it dissolves in the reflections of the canal. There was a stroke in his brush and a color in his palette to match every sensation that impinged on his retina.

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The exactitude of Monet's method enabled him to surrender to the appearance of every subject he undertook to record, and it is his subject matter rather than his technique that accounts for the range of his work. As Professor Seitz remarks in his introduction to the catalogue, "The diversity of his landscape paintings derives directly from that of nature, to which, without need for metaphysical justification, he was entirely devoted."

YET IN HIS OLD AGE Monet knew very well what subjects he preferred to surrender himself to. When he undertook to design his water garden at Giverny, he was already circumscribing the subject matter of his late works; he was already "composing" the motifs of his last creations. And what creations they are! Although they vary in details and emphasis, the water-garden paintings all partake of the same world: a world in which sky and clouds and mist and water lilies and irises and river grass and willows and underwater flora all converge, unhampered and undivided by horizon lines or fixed perspectives. All elements are consumed in their own reflection, and as their convergences become more and more intricate, the surfaces of the pictures lose their details in large areas of marine, lavender, and roseate light in which the last "realistic" details give way to forms whose structure is no longer traceable to particular objects or motifs. Fanatical to the last in his devotion to retinal sensation, Monet followed it into a realm where pure light was the only substance left to record.

It is here, of course, in these mural-size water-lily paintings, that contemporary art makes its principal claim on Monet as a precursor, and rightly so. But for abstract painting to claim Monet as an ancestor is arguable. Monet arrived at his freedom through his fidelity to the visual fact, and it is this fidelity that the prevailing abstract style has emphatically repudiated. In stressing the naturalistic foundation of Monet's art, the exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may serve to remind a new generation of painters by what arduous labors their easy freedom was won.

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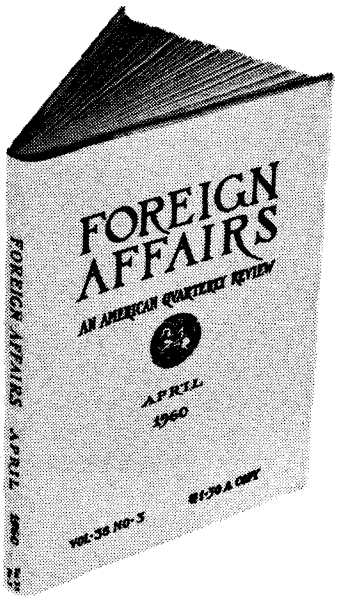

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RECORD NOTES

BARTOK: MUSIC FOR STRINGS, PERCUSSION, AND CELESTA. Leopold Stokowski, cond. (*Capitol;* mono or stereo.) Chicago Symphony, Fritz Reiner, cond. (*RCA Victor;* mono or stereo.)

Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta, composed in 1936, may well endure as the one perfect expression of Béla Bartók's special if limited genius. Its mood of terse intensity, its tart harmonies, and its uncommon instrumentation are eloquently Bartókian—more so, it seems to me, than the comparatively conventional products of the composer's last years in America. The piece is akin in spirit to Picasso's "Guernica"; throughout it one senses the tensions and fears that haunted the Europe of the 1930's.

These are the music's first stereo recordings, and they are the first to indicate the kind of sonic effects that Bartók intended. His scoring calls for two complete string groups placed to the left and right of the conductor, with the percussion seated between them and the double basses in the rear. Melodies are made to jump back and forth shuttlecock-fashion, and eerie instrumental combinations emerge from various parts of the stage. Only two-channel recording can begin to approximate these effects.

The two conductors take rather different views of this music. Reiner's version is taut, driving, explicit, ultraprecise. Stokowski's is softer, slower, a bit more careless of detail; it emphasizes the note of mystery in the music and suggests a more improvisatory quality. I prefer the Stokowski; I suspect Bartók would have preferred the Reiner.

CHOPIN: BALLADES. Artur Rubinstein, piano. (*RCA Victor*; mono or stereo.)

Ten or twenty years ago Artur Rubinstein's first recording of the Ballades would have been an event. If it passes little heralded today, the fault lies not with Rubinstein or with Chopin but with the profligate record industry, which has jaded our ears with too much too soon. Amid the welter of routine productions we can too easily neglect a jewel of music-making such as the Andantino introduction to the F major Ballade here, with its incredible range of tones and its finely wrought fluctuations of tempo. But this whole record is a compendium of marvels—Rubinstein's and Chopin's. Sublime partnerships of this order should never be taken for granted.

HAYDN: SYMPHONIES 99-104. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. (*Capitol*, 3 records; mono or stereo.)

It is fitting that the world's most accomplished interpreter of these London-bred symphonies should be a British conductor. And it is our great fortune that his readings should have been captured at his full maturity in splendid stereo sound.

Beecham is unexcelled, indeed unapproached, in this repertoire. His Haydn is at once delicate and virile, elegant and hearty. How he blends these seemingly contrary qualities is his own secret. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that temperamentally he is very much Haydn's sort of man—a sensitive and imaginative musician who nurtures a bluff, worldly, at times irreverent outlook on art and life. Beecham's Haydn conveys the same essential rightness, exhibits the same sympathetic alliance between re-creator and creator, that one encounters in Landowska's Bach, Rubinstein's Chopin, or Toscanini's Verdi.

Two of the symphonies in this album—the "Military" (No. 100) and the "Clock" (No. 101)—are first recordings for Beecham, and doubly desirable for that. His "Military" makes a great noise, as it should, but not at the price of disfiguring with raucous playing the prevailing eighteenth-century patina; and his "Clock" displays some wondrously shaded balances between strings and winds in the dainty Andante. Beecham's previous recordings of the other symphonies, which date mostly from before the war, now seem quite anemic in sound. Rerecordings of these were badly needed. The new version of Symphony No. 99 in E flat—long a Beecham speciality—is particularly welcome.

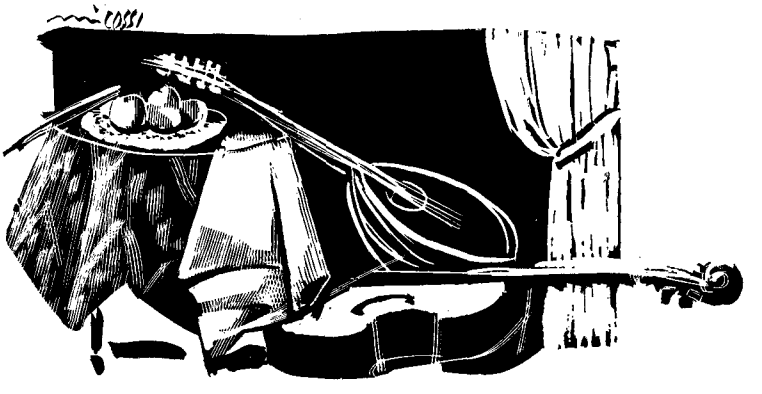
The instrumentalists of the Royal Philharmonic perform as usual with high precision and polish, and the stereo sound is clean and full-bodied.

LEONCAVALLO: PAGLIACCI. Mario Del Monaco, tenor; Cornell MacNeil, baritone; Gabriella Tucci, soprano; *et al.*; Chorus and Orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, cond. (*London*, 2 records; mono or stereo.)

This new recording demonstrates that the *tenore robusto* of Mario Del Monaco still yields to none in brassy, clarion strength and brilliance. It also confirms reports from Europe that this singer at last shows signs of becoming an artist. Here, instead of merely bawling loud and clear, Del Monaco troubles to modulate his voice and to shape phrases with a good deal of grace. His portrayal of Canio now begins to approach the Martinelli level of achievement.

Cornell MacNeil, an American baritone of equally robust vocal endowments, is a first-rate Tonio. Unfortunately, Gabriella Tucci portrays a tentative-sounding Nedda, Renato Capecchi seems decidedly unpersuasive as Silvio, and Molinari-Pradelli's conducting does not rise above routine competence. London's recording—with considerable stage action in the stereo version—is effective but overly reverberant. The acoustic ambiance suggests the bathtub more than the opera house.

—ROLAND GELATT



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BOOKS

The Lull Within the Storm

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

THE END OF IDEOLOGY: ON THE EXHAUSTION OF POLITICAL IDEAS IN THE FIFTIES, by Daniel Bell. *Free Press. $7.50.*

If there was ever a time when ideologies moved the world, it is today, in our time. Behind the momentum of Russia, the transformation of China, the awakening of Africa, the labors of India, more is visible than just brute political power or wild, unfocused popular aspirations. It is ideology that whips the straining populace and the driving coachmen alike; ideology that provides the masses with quasi-religious glimpses of the future and their leaders with near-Messianic interpretations of history; ideology that implants in both unshakable convictions of a heroic destiny.

Hence when Daniel Bell—journalist, roving scholar, and now associate professor of sociology at Columbia—writes of *The End of Ideology,* he is patently not writing about the maelstrom of contemporary events. Rather, he is concerned with an area of lull within the storm, a haven where the winds of political and social thought blow mild and calm. This haven is the western world, and especially its Anglo-American core. For here, as Mr. Bell says, the ideologies that fire the rest of the world with chiliastic hopes and dreams no longer strike a spark. For the West, "ideology, which was once the road to action, has become a dead end."

It is clear that Mr. Bell is by no means speaking for himself alone when he pronounces the demise of ideology for the western intellectual. In 1955 a hundred and fifty writers, statesmen, philosophers, and social scientists, representing all shades of western opinion from conservative to socialist, gathered in Milan to debate the great political and social issues that traditionally had divided them. But the outcome of the congress was an unexpected one. There was no debate. There were no issues. In the general subscription to the open society, the welfare state, and the mixed economy, the old ideological controversies had come to a broad consensus, and the old ideological fervor had cooled to room temperature. More than one participant, summing up the conference, raised the question: "The end of ideology?" In removing the question mark Mr. Bell is not being contentious. He is merely recognizing an intellectual *fait accompli.*

IT IS this turn of ideas, this change of tone in the political dialogue of the West, that makes Mr. Bell's book of unusual interest. For the purpose of his collection of essays, *aperçus,* and criticisms is in no sense to lament the end of ideology but to make the most of it. Accordingly we find here more than a commentary on "the exhaustion of political ideas in the fifties"; we also have revealed to us the appearance of social reality once the ideological glasses of the past have been removed.

With these purposes in mind, Mr. Bell ranges over a broad section of the American social terrain. We begin by investigating the ambiguities of ideological theories of American life: critically examining the images of America as a "mass society," reviewing changes in the institutional structure of capitalism, looking briefly into the idea of "national character," peering at the nature of political consensus within the shifting American scene. Thereafter we pass to a collection of essays that stress the complexities of social reality. We are treated to a high-class sociological entertainment in "Crime as an American Way of Life," brought up sharp against the harsh necessities of stevedoring as another fact of life, asked to look at trade unionism from the unfamiliar focus of "The Capitalism of the American Proletariat," and finally led to a lengthy analysis of the meaning of work in an industrial society. We conclude with four essays on "The Exhaustion of Utopia"—essays ranging from brief pro-

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by Robert Bendiner
Contributing Editor of The Reporter

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As a sociologist-commentator on our society, Mr. Bell is in a class by himself. He brings not only a formidable arsenal of learning to his task but also the skills and sensitive perceptions of a working journalist, with the result that his essays have not only substance but style. Inevitably in a collection of previously published work there is some unevenness, a certain repetition, and a lack of cumulative impact. But considered individually the essays have great distinction; one of them, "Work and Its Discontents," is in penetration and profound humanism an ornament to the sociological literature of our day.

NEVERTHELESS as we accompany Mr. Bell on his diversified sociological tour we are participating in something more than an intellectual ramble interesting for its own sake. We are also learning, indirectly as well as directly, about the point of view of anti-ideological inquiry itself.

The first thing we learn about is the pitfalls of the traditional ideological mind-set. The trouble with the old ideologies, Mr. Bell makes clear, is that "Like the indiscriminate use by the Communists of the term 'bourgeois democracy' in the thirties, or by Burnham of 'managerial society' in the forties, or the term 'totalitarianism' in the fifties, *particular and crucial* differences between societies are obscured." Thus Mr. Bell's book is, among other things, a demonstration of the way in which the ideological brush obliterates the complexities and obstinacies of life. We find the limp remains of theories pricked by his particularistic needle—the ominous but imprecise formulations of C. Wright Mills, the woolly omnium-gatherum of Max Lerner, the various "romantic" ideologies of "mass society," the foggier, or more dangerous, simplifications of Marxism or Leninism. The end of ideology thus signals an end to the comforts and convictions of belief. "The claims of doubt," writes Mr. Bell, "are prior to the claims of faith. One's commitment is to one's vocation."

But there is more here than just an emphasis on empiricism for the sake of intellectual clarity. Mr. Bell sees in ideologies the source not only of mental confusion but also of potential serious social disruption. "The tendency to convert moral issues into ideological problems, to invest them with moral color and high emotional charge," he writes, "is to invite conflicts which can only damage society."

HERE WE PASS to a more serious question. For in "protecting" society from the disrupting influence of ideology, is one not also protecting it from the only motive force strong enough to alter its central institutions? "The perspective I adopt," Mr. Bell tells us in his introduction, "is anti-ideological, but not conservative." Yet it is instructive to reflect on the choice of subjects that his anti-ideological position brings to his attention—and to reflect as well on those which it excludes. For then we see that Mr. Bell does not bring his sharp and iconoclastic scrutiny to bear on the validity of the canons of central opinion with any degree of skepticism comparable to that with which he probes the fallacies of the extremes of belief. Whereas the Utopian conceptions of a socialist paradise receive their cold and penetrating analysis, no similar analysis is applied to the easy current assumptions of the Great Consensus itself. In a book that searches for the elements of faith that underlie radical beliefs, there is no exposure of the similar elements of faith in the widely held opinions about the extent of change in American capitalism, or the workability of the mixed economy, or the nature of social justice in the welfare state, or the adequacy of an open society to cope with the exigencies of contemporary history. It is not that Mr. Bell is unduly respectful of these pillars of central conservative doctrine. It is rather that his anti-ideological position naturally directs him away from launching any critical attack on the bastions of social stability and continuity.

But the issue here is larger than that of the mood and inclination of a single brilliantly inquisitive sociologist. Rather the book forces us to consider the temper and passion of the larger intellectual society whose

Solution to

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Acrostician—

CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

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point of view, in a number of respects, it represents. Today, as Mr. Bell half ruefully writes: "Few serious minds believe any longer that one can set down 'blueprints' and through 'social engineering' bring about a new utopia of social harmony." He goes on to say: "Social reform . . . does not give a younger generation the outlet for 'self-expression' and 'self-definition' that it wants. The trajectory of enthusiasm has curved East, where, in the new ecstacies for economic utopia, the 'future' is all that counts."

In the West we watch this trajectory with mixed envy and despair. Our intellectuals have learned very well the lesson that follows from an abandonment of skepticism and doubt before the blandishments of ideology. We are far too wise to "believe" in the future any more; we return to the inescapable and unforgiving present. The problem, however, is what we shall be able to make of that present, once the future is divested of its ideological glow. The question is whether, in our fear of being deceived and undone by an excess of ideological faith, we may not consign ourselves into the equally dangerous bondage of an inert acquiescence in the status quo.

The Ghostly Galleons

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

THE ARMADA, by Garrett Mattingly. *Houghton Mifflin. $6.*

Whether history really repeats itself is perhaps less important than the illusion that it does. Thus in 1940, when Hitler's legions stood poised across the Channel, more than one Englishman drew strength from ghostly galleons foundering.

Garrett Mattingly retells the story that gave rise to the legend of the defeat of the Invincible Spanish Armada in 1588, retells it with such zest and such a wealth of delightful detail that the legend, instead of being dispelled, is made comprehensible. This, it seems to me, is one of the marks of a great historian. A historical "fact" is like an atomic particle: as it disintegrates into myth its true potential is revealed. Positivism and debunking which fail to take this into account are cheap and easy.

Now with this book we can understand what the Armada was all about and why it came to symbolize what it did. Gathering his materials from the archives of all Europe, Mattingly sees the enterprise against England as the focus of a world struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism. The 130 ships of the Invincible Armada that put forth from Lisbon on May 9, 1588, were the military expression of the Counter Reformation. The pitiful remnant of forty-four ships that crept into Corunna on September 23 were symbols of the failure of any effort to impose religious unity by force.

The awesome crescent formation of the Armada, worried and snapped at by the nimbler Elizabethan sea dogs, is only the last act of an exciting drama of plot and counterplot. In a series of swift, tautly written chapters, Mattingly builds up to his gunfire in the Channel. Without departing from the documentation, this historian can sketch character or set scenes rolling as vividly as any romancer: the executioner stooping to exhibit the head of Mary Queen of Scots, and finding himself with only a kerchief and wig left in his hand while the shiny skull rolls away; Elizabeth ruling her people ". . . by the arts by which a clever woman rules a lover"; brooding Philip in his Escorial, monkish, ascetic, ". . . eyes red-rimmed, bones aching, fingers stiff, at his self-imposed task of chief clerk of the Spanish empire"; Sir Francis Drake, convinced that the Deity was a Protestant who looked with favor upon his marauding; the barricades of Paris and the murder of the Duke of Guise which read like scenes out of Dumas.

WHEN Mattingly finally gets to his sea battles, the professor of history has been entirely replaced by a Churchillian figure happily scowling

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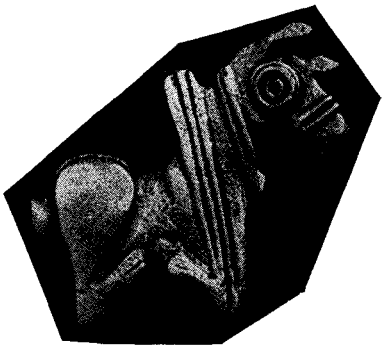

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into the wake from the taffrail. The miracle is that without ever manipulating the facts, a leap into fantasy takes place: the great galleons sail, these sixteenth-century figures talk and bleed, and the personality of the author—a flavorsome compound of down-to-earthness and wry romanticism—pervades it all.

This combination of scholarship and art, which was once taken for granted as the two indispensable arms of Clio, has been damaged, particularly during the past century, by the illusion that history is or could be a science like physics or chemistry. We have had either ideological history, the search for and supposed isolation of laws manifesting themselves in the flow of events, or else a drear cataloguing of facts, a lawyer's sifting of evidence, a bookkeeper's inventory of bare bones.

Garrett Mattingly belongs rather to the tradition of Prescott and Parkman and Macaulay—that is, with the artists of history.Nineteen years went into the brooding and making of this book, but it is not excessively long. Tough-minded, dryly distrustful of all big generalizations, this historian spins a sailorman's yarn—and demonstrates that the shapely art of narrative is not necessarily antithetical to the truth.

What was decided by those running sea battles? In an epilogue Mattingly muses upon this question with the tart pragmatism that is the surface of his manner. The defeat did not decide the issue of the war between England and Spain. It did not "transfer the command of the sea from Spain to England." It did not demonstrably create "the mood of buoyant optimism" out of which exploded Shakespeare and Elizabethan drama. What *was* decided?

MATTINGLY goes along with those older historians who found that the significance of the Armada lay in blocking the plans of the Counter Reformation to reimpose religious unity by force in Europe. "Philip and his militant advisers dreamed of a great crusade which should wipe out heresy and impose on Christendom the king of Spain's Catholic peace. Drake and his fellow Puritans dreamed of spreading the religious revolution throughout Europe until Anti-Christ was hurled from his throne. Both dreams were wide of reality. Neither the Catholic nor the Protestant coalition had the necessary unity, or could dispose of the necessary force. Systems of ideas, though usually self-limiting in their spread, are harder to kill than men, or even than nations. Of all the kinds of war, a crusade, a total war against a system of ideas, is the hardest to win."

Mr. Hunt's Woolly Utopia

DONALD BARTHELME

ALPACA, by H. L. Hunt. *H. L. Hunt Press. $0.50.*

One of the disadvantages of being the richest man in the country (or the second or fourth) must be a profound sense of political frustration. No matter how many billions you command, you are given under the Constitution only one vote. The insult is personal; in the voting booth, you are brought at a stroke to the level of the poorest citizen. Worse, you must abide by decisions which are not your personal choices. In his Utopian romance *Alpaca,* H. L. Hunt of Dallas sets out to correct this gross equity.

As a novelist Mr. Hunt quickly brushes aside a mildly hilarious love story ("You have my devotion, but I must tell you that I love my country more") to get down to business: the establishment of a perfect state where the number of votes a man has bears some reasonable resemblance to his financial status. In the process of drafting a constitution for Alpaca, a tiny, vaguely South American republic, he has tidied up some other loose ends that have been worrying him, such as curbing the power of the unions, getting the citizens off the dole, abolishing confiscatory taxes, and generally cleaning up the mess in which old-style voters have chosen to leave things.

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It is hard going, for Mr. Hunt's prose combines the virtues of Anthony Hope and Michael Arlen; but it is an earnest effort, and very much in the public interest. With General Bullmoose, the author believes that "what is good for the possessor of the greatest wealth in the Nation is good for the poorest citizen or the citizen in any degree of prosperity between these extremes."

His hero is a young man named Juan Achala, handsomely endowed with "flashing eyes beneath shapely brows" and "an innate persuasiveness and power." Like the hero of the conventional quest novel, Juan journeys through the world in search of wisdom; unlike characters in more complex works, he finds exactly what he is looking for. Surrounding himself with a quorum of the leading thinkers of his day, he forms a Plan Team. The product of their joint ratiocination is the Alpaca constitution.

With this instrument Mr. Hunt is revenged upon our Founding Fathers, for whom he nevertheless professes the greatest admiration in a special chapter on the U.S. Constitution, which is offered side by side with his own, presumably for purposes of comparison. Its most revolutionary provision is a system of graduated suffrage. Citizens of Alpaca who are eighteen through twenty-one and sixty-six or older get one vote; citizens twenty-two through sixty-five get two. Bonus votes are added based upon the amount of taxes paid, or the citizen's "contribution to the Nation." Those who are among the top ten per cent of all taxpayers get seven additional votes; those among the top twenty per cent, six additional votes; and so on down to the top sixty per cent, who get one additional vote. There are also bonus votes for waiving retirement payments, government salary, and government per diem, and for paying a voluntary poll tax. "Exhaustive discussion by the Plan Team led them to the conclusion that the graduated voting system offered the best hope of preventing 'share-the-wealth' and treasury handout excesses which are only too often the end result of 'voting by head' suffrage." Mr. Hunt warns darkly that such measures have "frequently forced the responsible property holders to turn in despair to a dictator or some other desperate expedient in the hope of warding off national ruin."

The "voting power" of a taxpayer is figured with close attention to such matters as his pro rata share of the taxes paid by companies in which he owns stock. The rationale of this system, according to the Plan Team, is unimpeachable: "In efficiently operated corporations the largest stockholder naturally has the greatest voting power." But the heavy taxpayer is not merely the biggest voter; he is also the best. "It was also pointed out that while the big taxpayers could not be expected to see eye-to-eye and vote together, those who paid little or no taxes could be expected to vote alike and constitute what is often known as a 'bloc' vote." Furthermore, "the recognition that he has a direct stake in the government and its spendings gives him [the large taxpayer] an alertness and caution in the exercise of his citizenship which is seldom found in the non-taxpayer or the very small taxpayer."

This alertness and caution are admirably present in some of the other provisions of the plan. The taxing powers of the Alpacan government are severely restricted, "to prevent confiscation." Income tax cannot exceed twenty-five per cent, property taxes 1.25 per cent, the inheritance tax twenty-four per cent. For labor, there are several attractive clauses. The "sacred right to work" is zealously safeguarded; unemployment insurance is forbidden, as is "a guaranteed wage for a future period of time." Aliens, who have a tendency to "consort with intellectuals to build and join subtle organizations . . . for the overthrow of their host government," are severely scrutinized, and are not admitted unless they are wholly self-supporting. And "the government shall conduct its affairs so as to compete as little as possible with private industry."

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permitted; discussion via radio and television or "before more than 200 persons" is outlawed as inflammatory. The plan is presented to the people, and after a debate carried on "without hysteria" Alpaca accepts the inevitable. Here Mr. Hunt himself enters a disclaimer: the Alpaca Plan, he says, is peculiarly fitted to small, compact countries, and might not work so well elsewhere.

The novel proper ends in a burst of exclamation points. "Alpacans wanted to be compelled to do the just, honorable and right thing, and they wanted desperately that others be required to do the same. Then there would be Peace! It was as simple as that!"

What is remarkable about the book is Mr. Hunt's modesty. Why should he be content with a mere ten or twelve extra votes when he could, by adjusting the scale, have hundreds? It may be that political power is not what touches him most. Perhaps he is only interested in re-establishing the view, somewhat tarnished in recent times, that money is something more than bonds and banknotes—it is manna, a mark of wisdom and a sign of grace.

The Artist as Politician

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

BERNANOS: HIS POLITICAL THOUGHT AND PROPHECY, by Thomas Molnar. *Sheed and Ward. $3.95.*

Can one think of a major French novelist of the nineteenth or twentieth century who remained pleasantly unconcerned with politics? There is Colette, perhaps, but in the last years of her long life even she employed her exquisite skill to add bitter memories of the German occupation to the never faded, never dulled recollections of provincial childhood, with the changing seasons, the flower gardens, the early loves. Most French novelists seem to have lived, or still to live, obsessed by the rewarding image of a state funeral, a parade of dignitaries following the hearse to the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, crowds lining the streets, and then, at the open grave, speeches by survivors awaiting their own glorious turn. Victor Hugo set the pattern.

When Georges Bernanos published *Under the Sun of Satan* in 1926, the politically innocent American reader—there are no politically innocent French readers—would have been hard put to find any politics in it. *The Diary of a Country Priest,* ten years later, contained no single mention of Léon Blum, no appalled lament that seaside resorts—Queen Victoria's Cannes, Monet's Sainte-Adresse, Ravel's Saint-Jean-de-Luz—were crowded with workers on paid vacations, no premonition of international disaster. It seemed that Bernanos was tormented by a sole concern with the victory or defeat of evil, with the presence or absence of love—for him the two phrases were the same—in the heart of man. In both novels, as also in *La Joie* and *L'Imposture,* he placed this mortal, this immortal combat where it is waged in its most acute form: a child's innocence is destroyed or preserved, a priest's charity fails in despair or triumphs. Bernanos' innovation, shocking and incomprehensible to many, was not his interest in children but his interest in priests. Americans had been made accustomed to the priest with a brogue coaching basketball and crooning ballads, or, in the British version, to white-flanneled clerics at cricket. Bernanos restored the element of peril that is central in the priestly vocation. He presented (*L'Imposture*) the tragedy of the supremely intellectual priest surviving in arrogant desolation after losing his faith or, as Bernanos would put it, his capacity for love; and as a counterpart (*Satan* and *The Diary*), the priest abandoned and despised by all, fearing in the dark night of the soul that God has abandoned him too, yet persisting in truth and love.

The Aztecs, with their priests standing, blood-covered, high on their pyramidal altars, tearing out the sacrificial victim's quivering

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heart, would have understood him; the Greeks, with their hallucinated guardians of the oracle in its serpent-filled caves, would have known what he was talking about; the witch hunters of Salem would have taken him as a matter of course. But to many readers of our times, convinced that good and evil are relative, there can hardly be any great drama in a conflict between them—even, or particularly, when an author, seeking to give physical presence to these abstractions, names one of them Satan and the other God.

AFTER THE FALL of France another side of Bernanos was brought to the attention of Americans. He was living in Brazil. Political pamphlets published in Rio arrived in New York. They were eloquent, bitter, filled with typos, and they pursued the themes of his novels; but now Satan was named Vichy and God was named France. The disturbing complications inherent in such an attitude are evident.

How Bernanos reached his position is the subject of Thomas Molnar's book, an honest and deeply understanding study. It shows, surprisingly, that Bernanos, like most of his French colleagues, was political from the start. One has only to list every movement of the French Right; Bernanos was fervently in them all. One must add immediately that with equal passion he left them all. His first great admiration was for the anti-Semite Drumont; his most lasting was for Charles Maurras—it persisted until a time came when he denounced Maurras and his works with all the virulence at his command. Bernanos was a faithful Catholic, and there has not been in our times—for there was Dante—a writer who poured more scorn on the political Church. He greeted Franco as a savior; his son went off to fight with the Falangists; a few months later Bernanos was through with Franco. Franco he defined as a man without love, who would employ any cruelty to defend the moneybags of the rich; he was the scandal of Christendom. In France other men of the Right would soon cry "Rather Hitler than Blum," and it was the rightist elite that would accept Hitler when he came—so Bernanos was a Gaullist from the day the general spoke in London until the day de Gaulle and the men of the Resistance entered Paris, came to power, and proceeded to betray, as Bernanos saw it, the spirit and the aims for which they had fought.

Charles Péguy, a Catholic, and a Socialist who loved France as single-mindedly as did Bernanos, was in the fight for Dreyfus. It was then, long years ago, that he saw what explains Bernanos' trouble: every elite loses its ideal; its *mystique* soon degenerates into politics. Then one has to start all over again. Bernanos was always starting all over again. He did not get his state funeral. It was his ever-renewed integrity that saved him from it.

The Endless Connection

NAT HENTOFF

THE SCENE, by Clarence L. Cooper, Jr. *Crown. $3.95.*

Jack Gelber's harrowing *The Connection,* now in a long run at New York's Living Theatre, is the first play to explore the life of the narcotics addict without sentimentality, distortion, or pat solution. As a corollary to *The Connection,* Clarence Cooper's *The Scene* is the first novel to range naturally and accurately through the junkies' underground. Cooper, like Gelber a former addict, began the book in prison as "a form of therapy." His report on the hierarchy of the hooked covers much more territory than Gelber's play, where the action remains in one addict's room.

The "Scene" appears to be a composite of those neighborhoods in Detroit and Chicago where connections (suppliers of drugs) thrive. Cooper describes with stinging clarity the caste system among the users and suppliers; the lower species of connections are usually both. Cooper's protagonist is a young Ne-

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gro who has already risen to the status of having his own prostitute, a Cadillac, and drugs to push. Cooper also sketches other inhabitants of the Scene whose life centers on the need to keep their habit fed—the briskly scientific shoplifters, the kids just beginning to learn the desperate hunger that follows the first "kicks," and the addicts who are forced to inform by the police. Coincidentally, about the time the book was published, a Bronx assistant district attorney told a New York City Council investigating committee that the Hospitals Department provides drugs to addicts who become informers for his office. One enterprising addict managed for a while to get free fixes three times a day in three different hospitals by mentioning the assistant D.A.'s name.

Cooper is less successful in handling the "rollers" (police) who know the Scene as well as any pusher but also know how temporary any crackdown, however thorough, always is. There is a moderately illuminating rivalry between two Negro detectives—an older, toughened Narco Squad veteran who finds hunting addicts and suppliers the only satisfaction in an otherwise empty life, and a young college-trained officer who is unprepared to cope with the self-righteous amorality of many junkies. The chase part of the novel, however, is basically artificial. The conclusion, in which the man behind "The Man" is discovered, is all too close to the predictable film treatments of the addict's world.

MORE IMPORTANT, however, than the plot, which is secondary in any case, is Cooper's unsparing delineation of an insight about the addict that has also been underlined by Dr. Marie Nyswander in *The Drug Addict as a Patient* (Grune & Stratton): "So great is his need for immediate recognition, for *being*, that he does not allow himself a period of *becoming*. . . . He cannot take present deprivation in the hope of building toward security in the indefinite future but must continually bolster his self-esteem with immediate proof of present success."

Cooper's pusher protagonist has enjoyed the first self-respect of his emotionally starved life as a small power on the Scene. As rackingly painful as is his final punishment—"cold turkey" (sudden withdrawal of all drugs) and a life sentence for murder—his thoughts in prison are still centered on his own importance:

"They better leave me alone, they better remember me, they don't know I handled grands, GRANDS! and more pieces than they ever saw. They don't know about stuff, they don't know about the *feelin*, the *good* feelin, they don't know about speedin with stuff. The stiff no-living bastards! They're dead, they're just dead bodies!"

The one junkie in the novel who finally wants—too late—to kick the habit is an addict who has found someone who accepts him as himself. The love affair between the "flip" (informer) and a Negro teen-ager indicates Cooper's capacity for writing convincingly about other emotions than desperation and gives promise that this may not be just another one-shot semi-autobiographical novel.

After the Scene has been cleaned out for a time, the novel ends, as does *The Connection*, with another joyless, hopeless connection.

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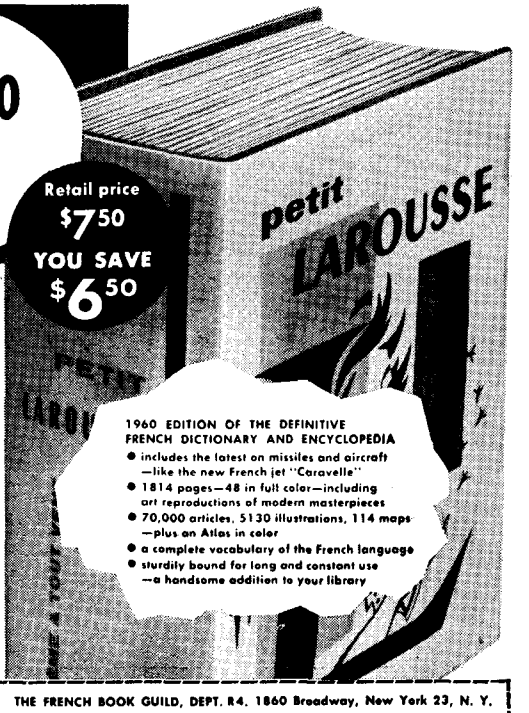

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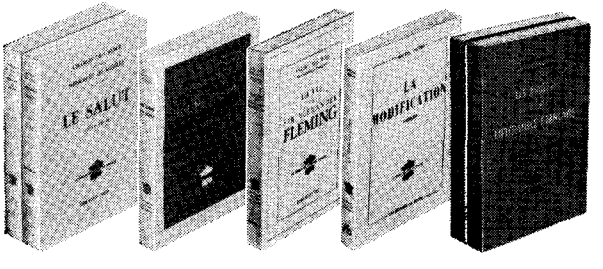

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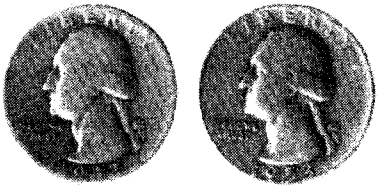

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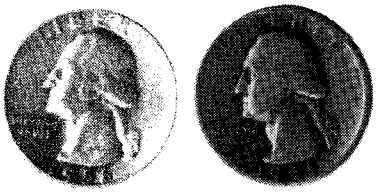

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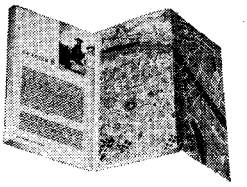

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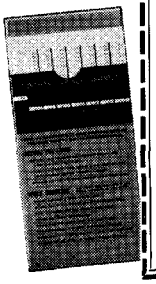

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